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FEBRUARY 21, 1907.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.



FEBRUARY 22<sup>ND</sup> 1732

# OLDSMOBILE



**Practical Tests**—the most exacting and practical that can be devised—all prove the Perfect Roadability of the Oldsmobile—the car that does things. The Glidden Tour, the 505-Mile Non-Stop run, the New York-Poughkeepsie High-Speed-Lever-Sealed-in run, and a score of other similar exploits, have all served to link evidence with evidence, making the chain complete and but one verdict possible—the Best Thing on Wheels.

AND NOW the recent New York-Daytona Beach trip has added more strength to every link—Motor Endurance—for speed or for continued strain over trying roads—Perfect Control, dependable on strange, difficult roads or crowded city streets—Brake Reliability, to meet any emergency—Hill-Climbing Ability, equal to any demand—All parts perfectly balanced—Easy riding—Every quality essential in touring—in short, *Perfect Roadability*.

On December 23d R. R. Owen, and party of three, left New York City on a "pathfinding" trip to Ormond-Daytona Beach, Florida. Their machine was an Oldsmobile "A" 35-40 H. P. Touring Car of stock design, and in addition to four passengers it carried over 600 pounds of baggage.

The story in detail can be obtained upon request—it's too long to be told here—the story of how the "Mud Lark" made good.

The Oldsmobile Model "A" Touring Car for 1907 has 35-40 H. P., four-cylinder motor. Complete specifications on request. Price, \$2,750.

If you are an Oldsmobile owner send us your name, address, number of model and date of purchase and we will send you regularly the Oldsmobile News Letter, a weekly publication devoted to the interests of Oldsmobile enthusiasts.

We can make immediate delivery on 1907 cars. On exhibition at all agencies.

ADDRESS DEPT. CW.

**Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich., U. S. A.**

Member Association Licensed  
Automobile Manufacturers

Canadian Trade Supplied from Canadian Factory, Packard Electric Co., Ltd., St. Catherines, Ont.

## It Serves You Right

THE

**Truffault-  
Hartford**  
Shock Absorber

"Ask Any One Who  
Uses Them"

Hartford Suspension Co.  
67 Vestry Street, N. Y.



NOT ONLY INVOLVES EX-  
TREME DANGER OF  
WRECKING THE CAR AND  
INJURING THE PASSENGERS—BUT EVERY SKID

DOES SEVERE DAMAGE TO THE TIRES, BOTH BY  
STRAIN AND ABRASION.

## PENNSYLVANIA CLINCHER

RACING TYPE

IS CONSTRUCTED WITH A HEAVY FLAT TREAD,  
WHICH SUCCESSFULLY RESISTS SKIDDING, VASTLY  
REDUCES LIABILITY OF PUNCTURE, AND GIVES  
PHENOMENAL WEARING QUALITY. THE **SAFEST**  
**FASTEAST. STRONGEST** TIRE ON THE MARKET.

## PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY JEANNETTE, PA.



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## Columbia Motor Cars for 1907



Mark XLIX

ARE constructed throughout in a manner that for uniformity of excellence is unequalled in any other motor cars, and they also contain certain exclusive features which alone so add to their worth as to make them preferable to all others.

One point of exclusiveness is found in the quality of steel used for the sawed-out crankshaft, sliding-gear transmission, bearings, axles and other vital parts.

Another exclusive feature is the multiple jet carburetor which affords the proper mixture of gas to run the car to the greatest advantage at whatever speed you wish to go. This carburetor combines two carburetors in one, the two devices working together so as to require no more adjustment, attention or care than a single carburetor of any of the older patterns.

Further exclusiveness is seen in the elegance of the design, finish and appointments of our touring car and limousine bodies.

**Mark XLIX, 40-45 H. P. Touring Car, \$4500**

**Limousine, \$5500**

**Mark XLVIII, 24-28 H. P. Touring Car, \$3000**

**Limousine, \$4200**

Our catalogue of Columbia Gasoline Cars for 1907 is, both in print and in illustration, the most artistic book of its kind ever issued. With each copy is presented a large "X-ray" or shadow-graphic reproduction of our Mark XLVIII Touring Car, which is the most remarkable picture of an automobile ever produced. Mailed free upon request; also separate catalogue of Columbia Electric Carriages.

## ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Branch: Electric Vehicle Company, 133-136-138 West 26th St.  
Chicago Branch: Electric Vehicle Company, 132-134 Michigan Ave.  
Boston: The Columbia Motor Vehicle Company, Trinity Place and Stanhope St.  
Washington: Washington E. V. Trans. Co., 16th St. and Ohio Ave.  
San Francisco: The Middleton Motor Car Company, 550 Golden Gate Ave.  
Member A. L. A. M.

## THE SILENT WAR

BY JOHN AMES MITCHELL

Author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," "Villa Claudia," etc.

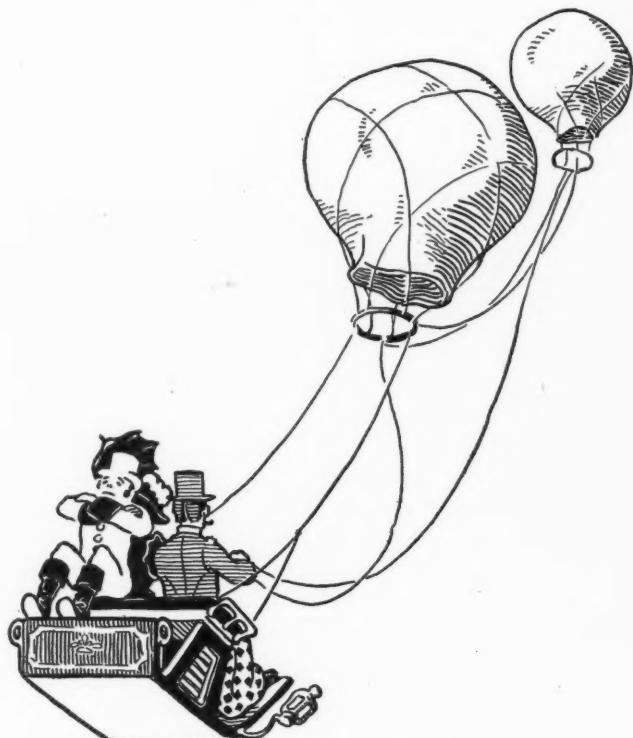
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\$1.50 Postpaid

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK



SOCIETY HAS TAKEN TO BALLOONING

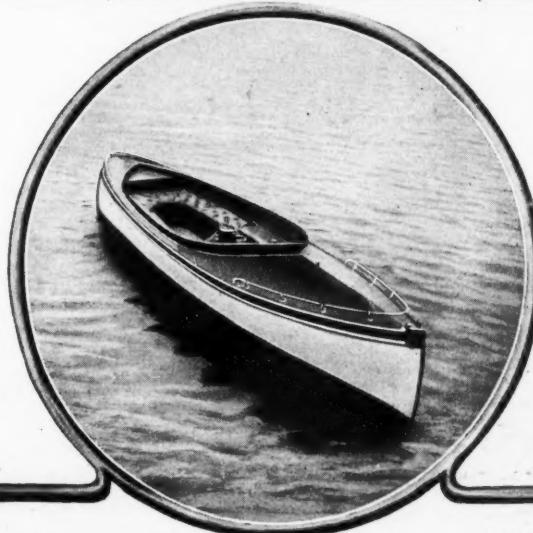
Take Them to  
JAPAN and CHINA

A trip for all the family—costs no more than staying at home—education for your children, recreation for yourself. The invigorating sea air is a better tonic than ever drug or compound. A glorious trip when made on the mammoth steamships "MINNESOTA" and "DAKOTA," operated by the

## Great Northern Steamship Co.

between Seattle, Japan and China. Built to meet all requirements of first-class Trans-Pacific travel, equipment and service appeal to particular passengers. The children's padded play-room and the electric laundry are features not to be overlooked. Write for folder descriptive of trip.

A. L. Craig, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.  
W. A. Ross, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agt., Seattle, Wash.  
W. C. Thorl, Pass. Agt., 200 Adams St., Chicago  
C. W. Pitts, Gen'l Agent, 20 South Clark Street, Chicago  
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MULLINS Pressed Steel BOATS  
Are the Fastest and Safest Boats Built

They are built of smooth, pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a lifeboat. The smooth, steel hull has handsome lines, and glides through the water with the least possible resistance—they are faster, more durable and safer—they don't crack, leak, dry out or sink, and are elegant in design and finish.

The Mullins Steel Motor Boats have revolutionized motor-boat building, and are superior in every way to wooden motor boats. They are equipped with Mullins Reversible Engines, so simple in construction and so dependable that a boy can run them, and the Mullins Improved Underwater Exhaust, which makes them absolutely noiseless. Every boat is absolutely guaranteed.

See exhibit N. Y. Motor Boat Show, February 17-26.

Write for Catalogue of Motor Boats—Row Boats—Hunting and Fishing Boats  
THE W. H. MULLINS CO., 122 Franklin Street, SALEM, OHIO



If the Literary Press Sheet Had Always  
Been Used—

**A**N INCIDENT illustrative of the quickness of repartee in William Shakespeare, the well-known author, has come to light recently and shows the versatility of this popular writer.

It seems that a young lady met Mr. Shakespeare for the first time at a dinner the other night.

"Will you please pass the salt?" she queried of the great dramatist.

"Certainly," he responded, suiting the action to the word.

Mr. Shakespeare's new book, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," is nearly completed and will be published by the Carpers in the early spring.

\* \* \*

**A**LL London is shrieking over the latest bon mot of Oliver Goldsmith, the popular poet. One day Goldsmith was walking down a street in the village of X—, when a gentleman, little suspecting the poet's identity, stepped up to him and asked him whether he knew what time it was.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Goldsmith, consulting his watch. "It is twenty minutes after nine."

"The Deserted Village and Other Poems" is the title of the newest Goldsmith book. It is announced for publication by Scribblers for the first of next month.

\* \* \*

**A**HUMOROUS story is being told of Richard B. Sheridan, whose "School for Scandal" will be remembered as one of last month's enormous sellers. Mr. Sheridan, it appears, was being measured for a suit of clothes the other day and the cutter asked him whether he wanted pockets in the coat, this being essential when one is presented at court, as the tailor suggested.

"Yes," observed the witty author, "but not for royalty—for royalties."

Mr. Sheridan's new book, the title of which is still a mystery to all but him and his publishers, is completed and will be purchasable the 15th.

\* \* \*

**I**T IS said that Geoffrey Chaucer is passionately fond of chocolate ice-cream.

His new book, "The Canterbury Tales," has gone into a second edition.

\* \* \*

**A**UTHORS have their own set time for work and Alexander Pope, the well-known poet, is no exception to the rule.

"I do my best work," said Mr. Pope to the interviewer the other day, "between 4.35 and 4.40 in the morning."

Mr. Pope is now at work on what he calls "An Essay on Man," to be brought out shortly by Tripleday, Sage and Company.

Franklin P. Adams.

**D**OUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY are bringing out a large popular price edition of "The Jungle." The same firm is also bringing out cheap editions of "The Deliverance" and "The Wheel of Life," by Ellen Glasgow; "The Missourian," by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., and "The Indifference of Juliet," by Grace S. Richmond.

Every tire we make adds to our responsibility, because our good name is on every one. With thousands of users of

### Kelly-Springfield Tires

keeping daily check on our honesty and holding us to the promises which our name implies, do you run any possible risk of being disappointed in the Kelly-Springfields you buy?

"Rubber Tired" is a little book that all drivers will like. Sent free.

**Consolidated Rubber Tire Co.**  
39 Pine Street, New York  
Akron, Ohio

## Baker Electrics

As a refinement of all that is laudable in the construction of Electric Vehicles, the Baker for 1907 stands pre-eminent. These wonderfully beautiful models fairly captivated the immense throngs attendant at both of the great automobile shows.

In every detail of construction—in every material part these carriages are—admittedly—the highest form of Electric Vehicle achievement. In chaste and dignified designs, combining elegance with a proper regard for conventionality—in variety of models—in wealth of new and exclusive features, the Baker has more than maintained its rightful title, "The Aristocrat of Motordom."

#### THE QUEEN VICTORIA

is rich and dignified in appearance. A more perfect carriage for town use has never been conceived. The Queen Victoria Body is interchangeable with the Runabout or Enclosed Coupe Body. The Chassis is the same and the change from one style of body to the other is effected with little effort, in a few moments' time.

Write for catalog illustrating the largest line of Electrics ever offered.

**THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE CO.**

No. 10-80th Street, N. W.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.





"Driven Back to Eden"

MARK TWAIN recently bought a farm in Fairfield County, Conn., adjoining that of his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, and it is said that he is about ready to build a beautiful villa. If this direful news be true, The Great American Humorist will fade from the public eye for some time to come; for if there is anything more delightfully engrossing than building a country-house we don't know it—unless it is getting acquainted with one's first autocar. Prophetically, we see Mark's lyre hanging limp and tuneless on an apple tree while he watches the mason mix the mortar, or goes out to feed the chickens. For near neighbors Mr. Clemens will have the militant Ida Tarbell, Miss Jeanette Gilder, Alden Weir, Frederic Remington, Dr. Eastman and many others known to the literary world. Most of us, at one time or another, have felt the Lure of the Farm, and it is the automobile that has made the real country home a practical possibility for those who toil in the city.

When it comes down to the matter of creative work, however, it is a question whether there is not more real isolation in a top-floor room of a city house, with the roar of the city below, than on a hilltop or along a mossy bank. Dame Nature in every mood challenges our absorbed attention, and the solitude of the country isn't in it with the solitude of the noisy city and the crowded streets, if one can escape the people one knows.

We play harder and work harder in the four winter months that constitute our complex New York season than do most folks of other lands in the course of the whole year; and perhaps that is why, in the springtime, we babble longingly of Italian villas, sunken gardens and the more simple joys of pasture-land and strawberry-beds.

WHILE LIFE's stock of languages is not running particularly low, we are always glad to have another. Witness the following:

L'AMERIKA ESPERANTISTO

REDAKTOR: ARTHUR BAKER: EDITOR

OKLAHOMA CITY, January 15, 1907.

EDITOR LIFE:

Dear Sir—Doubtless you have long ago formed your opinion as to the merits of Esperanto, the international language. I hope that it is favorable, but as there is much irresponsible criticism of Esperanto, I want to offer an opportunity for every thinker to judge for himself. I have had prepared 100,000 brief grammars of the language in pamphlet form, and will send one free to any person who is sufficiently interested to ask for it, enclosing stamp for reply. I think it really due to this great movement for an international auxiliary language, which now embraces *thirty nations* in its scope, that you publish this letter, so that your readers may have the opportunity of judging for themselves.

Very cordially yours,

ARTHUR BAKER.

Editor *L'Amerika Esperantisto* (The American Esperantist).  
Oklahoma City.

P. S.—If at any time you desire late and authentic information concerning Esperanto, command me.

A. B.

By all means, we should like to see that grammar.

## A Captivating Car



Studebaker Electric  
Victoria-Phaeton

*Studebaker*

"The Automobile with a reputation behind it"

## ELECTRIC CARRIAGES

Simple Control—Reliability—Elegance

Studebaker Electric Cars—the Runabout, Stanhope, Victoria-Phaeton, Special High-Speed Stanhope, and Coupe—meet every demand of the most exacting private carriage service.

In appointments and in design, upholstery and finish, they possess the perfection always associated with Studebaker productions.

Mechanically, the Studebaker is the most successful type of electric car.

Its operation is within a child's understanding.

Its construction in the vital parts is of that thoroughness which permits no seen or unseen flaw.

The body is scientifically suspended upon two pairs of superb springs.

A distinctive feature is the distribution of the batteries' weight upon both pairs of springs.

This method produces a far easier riding motion than has ever been attained where batteries are suspended below the springs.

For fuller details send for complete catalog of electric and gasoline automobiles.

**Studebaker Automobile Company, South Bend, Ind.**

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

BRANCHES

NEW YORK CITY: Studebaker Bros. Co. of New York  
CHICAGO, ILL.: Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: Studebaker Bros. Co. of Cal.  
KANSAS CITY, MO.: Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.

PORTLAND, ORE.: Studebaker Bros. Co. Northwest

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: Studebaker Bros. Co. of Utah.

DENVER, COLO.: Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.

DALLAS, TEX.: Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.

SELLING AGENTS

BOSTON, MASS.: Prentiss Motor Car and Supply Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Titman, Leeds & Co.

BALTIMORE, MD.: Auto Supply and Storage Co.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: National Automobile Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO: Central Automobile Co.

TOLEDO, OHIO: Kirk Bros. Automobile Co.

**CALDER'S**  
25¢ 50¢  
DENTINE

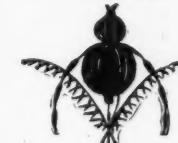
**Teeth**

**CALDER'S**  
SAPONACEOUS  
DENTINE

The oldest and most perfect tooth powder for  
cleaning and preserving the teeth and gums  
At Shops. Sample Traveler's Size, 10 Cents  
ALBERT L. CALDER CO., Providence, R. I.  
CALDER'S NAIL POLISH

**Dards**

Established 1874



Forty-Fourth St. &  
Madison Ave., N. Y.

Choice  
Flowers

Rare  
Plants

Floral  
Decoration

Prompt  
reliable  
service

# What Barney Oldfield says about Goodyear Detachable Tires On Universal Rims

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.,  
New York City.

September 28, 1906.

GENTLEMEN—After many misgivings as to the practicability of the GOODYEAR NEW DETACHABLE TIRE, I finally decided upon its use in July, '05. Since that time I have driven in seventy-two heats and races on circular tracks and have never had a tire accident or tire trouble of any description. With my *Green Dragon* I hold every world circular track record from one to fifty miles, and these records have never been in danger, nor have I been defeated in a trial heat or race since I began using GOODYEAR TIRES. Before my car were ever put through the danger line in a five or ten mile heat, the *Green Dragon* at the present time are two complete tires, one front and one rear, that have been in constant use for the past fifteen months without being touched, except to inflate. My success with the GOODYEAR TIRE has been the wonder of the past season in connection with circular track racing. My touring car, which has been equipped with the same tires, has covered over six thousand miles since I began to use them, and have given perfect satisfaction.

In my estimation, there is no combination of tire and detachable rim which is so perfect and so simple.

(Signed) You know me,

BARNEY OLDFIELD.

## The Terrific Racing Pace

Is the hardest possible test for the auto-tire. The *life* of the average tire, racing on a circular track, is fifteen miles. The Goodyear Detachable is the only tire that could make such records as Barney Oldfield tells of. If you would know why it stands such severe tests, our Free book, "How to Select an Auto-Tire," will tell you.

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Wayne St., Akron, O.  
BRANCHES: Boston, 261 Dartmouth St.; New York, cor. Sixty-Second St. and Broadway; Chicago, 82-84 Michigan Ave.; Cincinnati, 212 Flushing St.; St. Louis, 712-714 Morgan St.; Los Angeles, 822 S. Main St.; San Francisco, 1600 P. Morris & Co., 721 Golden Gate Ave.; Buffalo, 719 Main St.; Denver, 229 Statehouse Bldg.; Detroit, 246 Jefferson Ave.



## It Was His Funeral

THE LAWYER (who is drafting Mr. Snarler's last will and testament): Oh, but if I may make a suggestion, don't you—

MR. SNARLER: Hang it all, who's dying—you or me, eh?—*The Sketch*.

## Out of the Question

WALTON: Are you sure that the Smythes haven't any children?

DALTON: Why, of course not. Mr. Smythe is worth more than \$750,000.—*Baltimore Sun*.

ONE of the suburbs of Chicago is the site of a well-known school of theology, from which go out each week-end many members of the senior class to try their voices as "supplies."

A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of them who got off at the station.

"What are all those chaps getting off here?" he asked the brakeman.

"Them?" asked the brakeman. "Oh, they're returned empties for the college."—*Youth's Companion*.

is of use to every one in the Motor Car—it is not designed for the exclusive benefit of the Chauffeur.

## JONES SPEEDOMETER

104 West 32d Street

New York

## A Sure Sign

"I WONDER if there's anything serious between that tall girl and the little captain?"

"I think there is. She has had the heels of all her shoes lowered."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"DON'T you find the ride home to Swamp-hurst rather long and lonely?" asked Citizen.

"Well," replied Subbubs, "it's long, but I can't say it's lonely. I usually have a new servant girl with me."—*Philadelphia Press*.



## FISH

more than any other dish needs careful seasoning. It is rendered more appetizing by the use of

## Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a delicate seasoning for Scalloped Oysters, Broiled Lobster, Cod Fish Balls and Steaks, Deviled Clams, Fish Salads, etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

## A Revelation to Visitors

"How delicious everything smells; how beautifully clean everything is."

"I never saw anything like it. If people knew the truth about Franco-American Soups, you couldn't supply the demand."

These are the words of unstinted praise received from visitors to our kitchen. We simply repeat them and say that the Franco-American methods are a revelation.

Visit our kitchen! Inspect our methods! Send for our illustrated book and learn why our friends are so enthusiastic. Free on request.

21 Kinds, sold by Grocers everywhere  
in Quart, Pint, and Half-Pint Tins.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.  
JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N.J.

TRADE MARK  
REGISTERED

How Many Miles of  
**TIRE SERVICE**  
Can You Depend On?

If your experience has been that the tires you use give you less than 5,000 miles of riding, then answer this advertisement and receive from us some information that will help to lessen your "tire trouble."

"Service" is the real and only test of tire quality. Para rubber and Sea Island cotton and "superior workmanship" are good strong talking points, and these materials should be in every good tire, but have you found the mere statement that they are in it a very great help to you in keeping your tire trouble and your tire expense at a minimum?

And, have you found that statement of any great value when, after some particularly flagrant piece of "rubber rotteness," you have tried to "get something" out of the tire maker?

Wouldn't a guarantee have helped?

And (here's the pith of the whole argument) wouldn't that same tire have stood up better, and under the same conditions have lasted longer, if it had been sold under a guarantee?

Wouldn't it have been made better?

The right kind of a guarantee, you know, is just as legal and as binding as any other correctly drawn business contract. No manufacturer can afford to guarantee his product unless he feels pretty certain that what he makes is just as good as he says it is.

A guarantee is a mighty good protection for the buyer, but it's a mighty good argument for the seller, too.

**AJAX**  
TIRES  
**GUARANTEED**  
FOR  
**5000 MILES**  
RIDING

The Ajax-Grieb Rubber Company is making the very best tire that brains and capital can turn out. All that is necessary to a good tire is there—Para rubber, Sea Island cotton and all the rest of it.

But what is more important to you, the buyer, is that with every tire sold there is a correspondingly numbered certificate of guarantee that absolutely assures the owner of 5,000 miles' rolling. And that guarantee is as good as a government bond. What other tire carries such insurance?

Isn't it common sense to believe that the tire sold under such a guarantee must be better than one sold on verbal claims and salesmen's promises?

We want every "tire-bothered" motorist in this country to write to us for a copy of this guarantee of ours, and for some interesting information that we can give him concerning the Ajax Tire and the tire trade in general.

We want you to write now while the subject is fresh in your mind and we want you particularly to let us know the size tire you are using. A postal will do.

**AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER CO.**

1778 Broadway, New York

FACTORY: TRENTON, N. J.



"I FEAR THAT YOU WILL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS BEHIND THE BARS."

"AND I HAVE A PREMONITION THAT YOU WILL LOSE YOUR HEAD ON THE BLOCK."

# For Sale

COUNTRY PLACE, located on Rye Neck, at Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y., about five acres, having a water front of about 1,000 feet. The house is in Italian Villa style, located on a hill overlooking the Sound; entirely renovated and tastefully decorated this year; has eight bedrooms, three bathrooms, parlor, library and dining-rooms, kitchen, laundry and cellars; hardwood floors throughout; open, nickel, modern sanitary plumbing, open fireplaces, besides furnace and hot-air arrangements; running water as well as an artesian well; gas and every convenience; electric light in house and stable; telephone, etc.

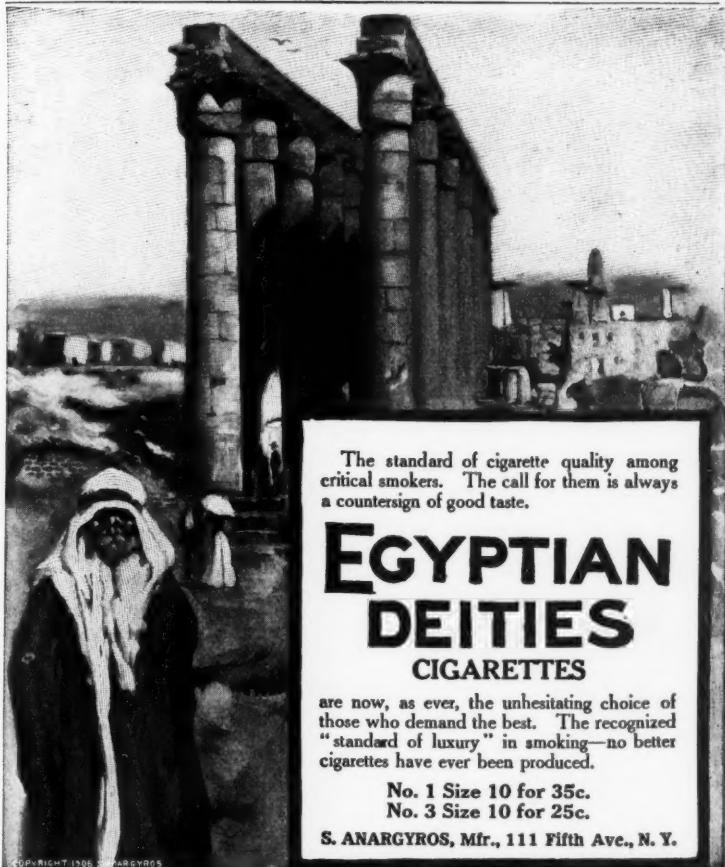
Twelve-foot porches surround the house, giving one of the most beautiful views of water and landscape to be had on the Sound. The structure is most substantial and intended for both summer and winter use.

The stable and carriage-house are commodious, finished in hardwood; five single and two box stalls, two living-rooms overhead, hayloft, etc. The barnyard is arranged as a paddock for exercising horses, and is fitted with four box stalls.

The outhouses consist of a brick ice-house, greenhouses, boat-house, cow stalls, tennis court, etc.

The grounds are beautifully laid out in lawns, drives and shaded walks, all bluestoned, and abound in rare trees of all kinds, including many fruit and fir trees, several pine groves, and a great variety of flowering shrubs and vines. Large gardens. For particulars, address

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 W. 31st St., New York



The standard of cigarette quality among critical smokers. The call for them is always a countersign of good taste.

## EGYPTIAN DEITIES CIGARETTES

are now, as ever, the unhesitating choice of those who demand the best. The recognized "standard of luxury" in smoking—no better cigarettes have ever been produced.

No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.  
No. 3 Size 10 for 25c.

S. ANARGYROS, Mfr., 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Egyptian Scenes—A Typical Avenue in Thebes

# Williams' Shaving Stick

THE morning shave ought to be as refreshing as the morning bath. If it isn't—if it is the kind of shave that you "feel" all day—a poor soap is usually at the bottom of it. The smooth, creamy, emollient lather produced by Williams' Shaving Stick makes the shave the most satisfying and most pleasant part of the morning toilet.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick, or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.) Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY

Department A

GLASTONBURY, CONN.

London

Paris

Berlin

Sydney



"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

## ANDREW USHER & CO.

### "EXCEPTIONAL"

### "SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G."

AND

### "OLD VATTED GLENLIVET"

(A BLEND OF OLD GLENLIVET & OTHER WHISKIES.)

## SCOTCH WHISKIES.

G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.

Sole Agents, New York

We are offering an extensive line of pierced silver holders for condiments, table delicacies, liqueurs and mineral waters, among which may be mentioned: holders for champagne, whiskey, soda and ginger ale; high ball and whiskey glasses, cheese holders, marmalade holders, jelly holders, catsup, Worcestershire and Tabasco holders, etc.



These add greatly to the appearance of the table, besides permitting the use of the goods in their original packages, which are entirely concealed in the richly designed outer receptacle.

## Meriden Company, silversmiths

International Silver Co. Successor

218 Fifth Ave., Cor. 26th St. (Madison Square) New York

Entrance also on 26th STREET near BROADWAY

HIGHLAND LINEN has been the favorite fabric finish writing paper of thousands of women of taste and always will be. Its fine writing surface, pleasing shades, rich "feel" and splendid quality make its place secure.

EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM the newcomer in correct and beautiful papers, does not supersede Highland Linen. It is merely an alternative. Give both a place on your desk, for both represent the highest type of paper-making arrived at by different processes.

### Our \$1,770 Letter-Writing Contest

Do you know that owing to the tremendous amount of freights being moved by railroads and transportation companies it has been absolutely impossible for us to get Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum stock to far-distant points in time for distribution to our customers' customers. We have, therefore, decided to

### Postpone the Closing Date

of the prize contest for letters written upon and about Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum from February 14th, as advertised in January magazines, to April 20th. No other change in conditions.

The best way to enter this contest is to get Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum and the "conditions" at your local stationer's. If he can't supply you, we will send a half-size box for 25c. and his name.

EATON-HURLBUT PAPER CO., Dept. 30, PITTSFIELD, MASS.



# LIFE



*Ursa Major: BUT I DON'T want TO PLAY I'M A TEDDY BEAR.*  
*Venus: S—SH; IF YOU ARE PEEVISH I'LL TAKE YOUR DIPPER AWAY FROM YOU.*

## Fun for Watson

**A**CCORDING to the Chicago Tribune—

Professor John B. Watson, the Chicago University instructor, has announced that he will pursue his experiments to determine the sixth sense in animals and men to the larger animals, among them monkeys and even human beings. The latter, however, he does not propose to make blind, as he has rats.

His experiments up to the present have been made by removing the eyeballs of rats, their sense of smell, hearing and taste, and to some extent their sense of feeling. His first continued experiments will be with carrier-pigeons.

Kind of unpleasant reading, you might

say; but that is your mistake, for this benevolent scientist says:

The rats suffer no pain and apparently no inconvenience in the loss of their eyesight, and they are as healthy after as before the operation.

Now, if the same experiments were tried on the inspired Watson himself the results would be better, as he could tell us all about it. But he prefers to keep his eyes in his own head. So would the rats.

If this sort of thing is fair on rats, it is fair on humans.

No wonder the poor have a horror of hospitals!

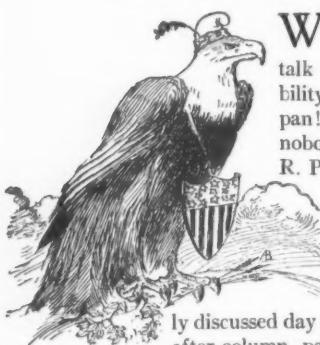
## Keep Mum

**W**OMEN, as women, are pretty much alike. They have the same hair, differing slightly only as to color and length; same features, same thoughts. When we love one of them, therefore, we are in reality loving them all. But it is just as well not to mention this.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. FEBRUARY 21, 1907. No. 1263.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



WHAT an absurd chimera is the talk about the possibility of war with Japan! So far as appears nobody but the Hon. R. P. Hobson has the slightest apprehension that such a war is coming, yet it has been gravely discussed day after day, column after column, page after page, by the newspapers. Headline writers and space fillers have made the most of it, and the chance that Great Britain, because of her treaty of alliance with Japan, would be compelled to join Japan in this hypothetical conflict with the United States has been as solemnly and profusely expounded as though it were imminent.

The truth is that the treaty between Japan and Great Britain explicitly restricts the alliance to the case of war in defense of the possessions or special interests of either party in the East. Nothing in the treaty gives Japan the slightest ground for expecting help from Great Britain in a war with the United States growing out of any clash in California.

Japan has done properly to protest against the exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of California if she thinks that her treaty with us entitles her to demand that the Japanese children shall not be excluded. It is denied that the treaty entitles the Japanese children to any school rights whatever, but that question we believe has gone to the courts. However it is decided, there is no cause of war in it, though there may be need of negotiation, and of a diplomatic agreement which will make San Francisco somewhat easier in her mind.

The Government of Japan is in the hands of very intelligent and responsible men, who are perfectly aware that it would be inexpedient for their country to pick a fight with the United States over a

trifle. The fact that the public schools of California are not under the direct control of the American authorities, who are responsible to Japan for the enjoyment of whatever rights the treaty gives her, makes a situation which requires careful handling and is getting it. If the treaty gives privileges that were not in the gift of the Federal Government, it can be withdrawn. If it is right and its provisions have been violated, they can be enforced. If its provisions have not been violated, Washington can sit tight and hear what Tokio has to propose.



WHAT LIFE would like in this matter is, first, to see all the parties—Tokio, San Francisco and Washington—get their present legal rights without fear or favor. It will not settle anything for Washington to send to Mr. Abe Ruef and Mayor Pompadour Schmitz and ask them please to make San Francisco be good, for fear we shall be swept from the seas and shorn of our trans-Pacific embellishments. We would like to know whether the treaty warrants Tokio in selecting the free schools which Japanese children shall go to in the United States, and if so, whether the Constitution gives the President and Senate a right to make such a treaty and the power to enforce it. These are both domestic questions and they are important. They ought to be thrashed out. If our Government has power to make a treaty but not enforce it in our own land, we ought to know it, and so should all the powers we deal with. If every treaty our Government makes is binding on the several States only so far as the Supreme Court shall declare it to be Constitutional, that also should be known. Certainly, our relations with such a power as Japan ought to rest upon something safer and more satisfactory than the ability of the President and the Secretary of State to conciliate or bargain with such rulers as Mr. Abe Ruef and Mayor Schmitz.



WHEN it comes to the facts that have made trouble, there should be no

great difficulty in adjusting them. If California needs protection against an overwhelming influx of Japanese laborers, no doubt she will get it. If the Japanese in California should ever need protection against the violence of the Californians, no doubt they would get it, and it would be the duty of the Federal Government to see that they did. And the school question will be settled somehow, too, and without burning any powder. The theoretical difficulties—those involving the relations of the States to the general Government—are what are really troublesome in this matter, as in a hundred others. We seem again to be running up hard against questions of conflicting authority, such as were so exhaustively discussed half a century ago. Mr. Root's warning at the Pennsylvania dinner that the States would lose many of their powers if they did not exercise them better, touched upon the liveliest subject of current political thought. Just as a citizen can be allowed only so much liberty of action as is consistent with equal liberty for the rest of the citizens, so a State can have only so much liberty of action as is consistent with its obligations as a member of the Union. All of that, however, it should have.



IT SEEMS there is a bill before the Massachusetts Legislature to protect foxes in the interest of fox-hunting. It is an amusing example of the American propensity to ask for legislation. The bill is absurd. Foxes are vermin and kill chickens. If they are wanted in any community for hunting purposes, the way to save them is by awakening a public sentiment in their behalf. In England, where for generations fox-hunting has been an institution of vastly more importance than it is likely ever to attain in Massachusetts, there is no law that we ever heard of for protecting foxes. In the hunting districts the foxes are protected by a cultivated public sentiment, which makes it an awful social crime to poison a fox. That is the way, and the only proper way, to protect foxes. A great many other things vastly more important than the protection of foxes must be accomplished by public sentiment if they are to be accomplished at all.



*She:* YOU'LL BE GLAD TO LEARN, DEAR, THAT I'VE GOTTEN OUT OF VISITING OUR RELATIVES.  
*He:* GRAND ! SPLENDID ! IT HUNG OVER ME LIKE A CLOUD. HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT ?  
"OH, I ASKED THEM HERE !"

## At the Opera

ON THE grand tier, Capricia sits,  
About her loge a bevy flits—  
Old Plutus, La Jeunesse Dorée,  
The wits, the lions of the day,  
For whom a welcome is provided,  
And those who venture in—as I did.

Why do we love her? For her smile?  
One wearies of it, in awhile.  
Is it her gaiety? They say  
Capricia is not always gay.  
Her wit, perhaps? Uncertain this is,  
It sometimes hits, sometimes it misses.  
  
Her beauty? Did not Eve grow old?  
Her wealth? Where now is Croesus's  
gold?  
Which of her charms shall Time not  
wrest?  
  
Is none enduring? In our quest  
For one that shall outlive all these,  
Let's love her for—her frailties.

Robert Gilbert Welsh.

## Speaking of the North Pole

## MOUNT TOM, MASS.

Dear Life—We have a great many people up here in the Connecticut Valley who are still trying to look intelligent and interested every time Commander Peary comes back. And we would be relieved—some of us—if some one would suggest to the press that perhaps, after all, Commander Peary is not really so important—not yet. When Commander Peary has had one good steady look at the Pole, he will always have after that, dead or alive, a certain importance. He will tack up his name



"WHAT IS THE PRISONER CHARGED WITH?"  
"HE DAMAGED AN AUTOMOBILE BY ALLOWING IT TO RUN OVER HIM."

on it, of course. And nobody will get it off. But in the meantime what is it all about? Everybody knows there is a North Pole, and it has really, for all practical purposes, been discovered already. It is a mere matter of going up there and saying you have stood under it, looked at it perhaps, or that you have shinned up it or something. The real glory is over. The rest is mere literal-minded orgy. In a world where, on the warmed parts, there are so many other things we need to know—discovering some way to live together, for instance; or to have cities, or churches, or even large families—it does seem as if the North Pole could wait. There may be a few incidental things. We all enjoy Commander Peary's hardships. They ornament humanity. The very thought of them—of how miserable he is up there—cheers us up regularly. We like the idea of hardship in knowledge—all those cold feet for Science, the sense of all the things, even little things, men will eat leather to know. There are pleasant, helpful features about a North Pole. And if Commander Peary wants the North Pole, or if any millionaire who hasn't any-

thing to play with wants it, why, we say, let them alone. But in the meantime we have thoughts. When we think of the ice situation at home, the oil trust, Niagara Falls, Hearst, tuberculosis, Home Missions, the United States Senate—all the things we've got to bone down to, and discover our way through—it looks slovenly and a little lazy to go off just now and discover the North Pole. It's there and it works. It's astonishing when one gets up here on Mount Tom and looks about, how many people one sees tending to the wrong things. Flying-machines, for instance—all these people up in the air walloping hopefully around when we haven't cleaned our streets yet. Why doesn't some one start an expedition—a kind of wondering expedition—to discover what on earth John D. Rockefeller is thinking about, or has been or could have been, all these years? More people would join it. There are plenty of people who would be willing to have cold feet to know.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

## Limited

B RIGGS: Do you ever intend to smoke again?

GRIGGS: Well, not as long as I live.



"HERE, MY SON, IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF YOUR POOR DEAD FATHER."



NEW YORK CITY.

Dear *Life*—What do you think of this for real humor, pure and undefiled?

The "ad" in a morning paper:  
"BOY—Wanted, bright, energetic, AMERICAN boy; general office work."

THE — COMPANY."

The result:

Isador Einstadt,  
Benj. Frank,  
Isidor Kornblum,  
Louis Siser,  
Jacob Bader,  
Sam Wolff,  
Max Reiff.

These were the only applicants.

Yours, —

NEWARK, N. J.

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Sir—Have the men of New York lost all sense of shame? The Subway, "L" and surface-cars all show crowds of brutes



BADGE OF THE GRAND ORDER OF THE ELEPHANT



*George Washington's Father: REMEMBER, GEORGE, THAT IF I HAD PUNISHED YOU FOR CHOPPING THAT CHERRY TREE IT WOULD HAVE HURT ME MORE THAN IT HURT YOU.*

*George Washington: I AM AFRAID, FATHER, THAT MY INCAPACITY FOR PREVARICATION IS NOT AN INHERITED TRAIT.*

in human form madly clinging to the straps, to the exclusion of the ladies.

In the South (where I was not raised), a gentleman instantly yields his strap to a lady who enters a street-car.

Can you not use your powerful influence with the soulless corporations who control our street-cars, to put more straps in their vehicles, and save us the brutal spectacle which is witnessed in every car of big, powerful men monopolizing all the straps while weak, defenseless women are compelled to clutch at the air every time the car rocks around the curves?

Let us have more straps in our street-cars

—but in the meantime let us characterize the strap-hog as he fitly deserves. A man who will not give his strap to a lady in a crowded car is a callous brute.

Yours in suspense,  
TOM FLEMING.

A True Optimist

"IT SEEKS a pity that our minister isn't getting a larger salary."

"Well, I don't know. If he were, he would eat more food, which would make him stronger, and if he were stronger he would doubtless preach longer sermons."

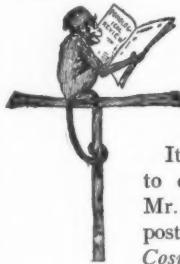


Churchill



SOME authors are born advertisers, others achieve advertising, while still others have advertising thrust upon them. It would be easy to indicate names that fall in the first and second categories; but it would be injudicious, too, and—it might be misunderstood. But there is no offense in assigning Mr. Winston Churchill to the third class. Something is always happening to make his "best-sellers" sell a little faster. First of all, in the attempt to tear the veil of anonymity from his first essay in fiction—or was the attempt concerned with the revelation of whom he was hitting at? The memory of it is faint; but no matter. Mr. Richard Harding Davis somehow got mixed up in it, with profit to Mr. Churchill. Then the other Mr. Winston Churchill—the one who lived on chocolate while escaping from the Boers, and afterward was sent to Parliament—somehow became confused in the public mind with the author of "Richard Carvel," and a rise of ten points was immediately noted in the literary stock market. Later on, the American Mr. Churchill turned lawmaker himself and proceeded to muck-rake the legislative halls of New Hampshire. As a consequence, he was roundly denounced, the other day, by a public office-holder opposed to the too liberal use of that Bunyan-Roosevelt implement, and all the papers were pleased to copy.

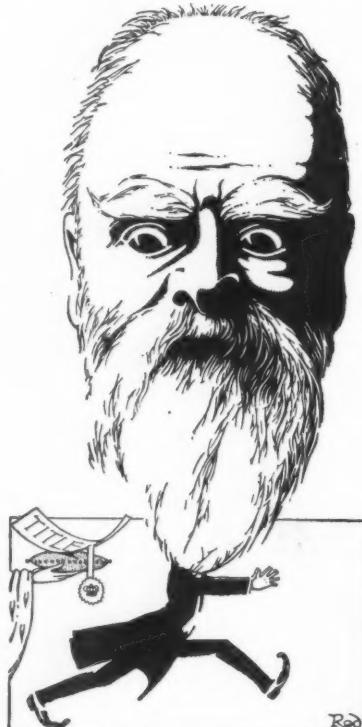
Meanwhile, the sale of "Coniston" is nowhere injured.



HIS rehearsal is meant in part as a peg on which to hang a little homily on the curiosities of literary fame.

It will be recalled that to commence authorship Mr. Churchill resigned his post as subeditor on the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Not long afterward "Richard Carvel"



A PEERLESS AMBASSADOR

took the novel-reading public by storm, and the author's name passed from mouth to mouth. While the story was still circulating freely, the Gossip had occasion to make a call at the office of the *Cosmopolitan* in Irvington. Incidental to the visit, he was personally conducted through the wonders of that thoroughly equipped establishment, where new devices in machinery threatened to supplant all forms of human toil—stopping short only at the essays by the editor, Mr. John Brisben Walker. The guide was the head of the entire mechanical department, but he came in personal contact with the members of the editorial staff, and knew them all. So the visitor let fall a pleasant word about Mr. Churchill, and the remarkable literary fame he had gained so speedily. "Richard Carvel!" echoed the guide. "Why, yes, I've read it. But I didn't know it was written by our Mr. Churchill. Well, well!"

BUT now it really seems that Winston Churchill's immediate neighbors are getting acquainted with him.

Those who know Mr. Churchill intimately say that neither he nor Mrs. Churchill takes his literary success over-seriously, and that he is modest enough to recognize that his novels are not literature in the exact sense of that much-abused word, though they are unquestionably interesting as history carefully done into fiction.

Perhaps it is this consciousness that has stirred him into political action, though motive enough might be found in the disgust with their calling that comes to many successful writers who, by one of the queer kinks of human nature, do most reverence the doers of deeds. It is a mental attitude that Kipling has finely expressed in one of his best brief tales.



Andrew Carnegie

ANDREW CARNEGIE is a product of hyperborean Scotland, upon which has been superimposed a blend of pitchblende, Presbyterianism and Pittsburgh ethics, Harveyized and hand-polished. Andrew cut his eye-teeth at six weeks, wrote his autobiography at ten, and made his first speech on altruism when just twelve weeks old. He is as modest as B. Shaw, as reticent as T. Roosevelt, as shrinking as Dr. Munyon, as tactful as Ben Odell, as popular as Platt, as guileless as Harriman and as rich as mud. He is philanthropic, but hardly charitable; everything he gives has a bawl and chain with it, and is accompanied by a brass band, a balloon ascension, salvos of artillery and orations. Andrew hates ostentation, loves self-effacement, preaches peace and practises publicity. He is the Ponce de Leon of commercialism and discovered the secret of perpetual youth for infant industries in the tariff. He is a self-made man and looks it; no consistent Christian is irreverent or sacrilegious enough to lay the blame on Providence.

HE SAYS he wants to die poor; we are indifferent to his ultimate financial condition, provided he does it. When he

goes there will be left many architectural atrocities congested with books, many bungoed cities with mortgages, endless material for future ruins labeled Carnegie, good graft for lawyers, a sense of peace and a grateful silence.

Andrew is a patriot; he says so numerously and noisily; he wishes to serve his land and language. We commend to his early consideration that beautiful and tender classic aphorism, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" As the modest insurance man would suggest—do it now.

Our Fortune-Telling Department

NOTE: Send a lock of your hair. If you haven't any hair, send photo.

MARY BAKER E.: This lady is of a confiding, trustful nature, and everything she touches turns to money. She will be very popular in certain circles, and is bound to make her mark. She has a tendency toward marriage and should be careful how she approaches the magazines. She is immortal, and though subject to toothache, will never be bothered with remedies.

The Pierpont Morgans that thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with stocks of steel.

His Own Louis XVI.

FREDERICK HARRISON says: "Roosevelt is striving to do for his country what Marat tried to do for France. Happily, he is his own Louis XVI."

Happily he is. He even announced two years ago that he would cut off his own head on March 4, 1909. He will do it, too.

Expert Abbe

DR. ROBERT ABBE, who is the radium expert in this country, owns more of this wonderful substance than anybody else this side the Atlantic Ocean, and usually carries about ten thousand dollars' worth of it in his pocket, which he uses casually for the relief of his friends. It has acted with wonderful effect on neuralgia, warts and various forms of inflammation. Recently, he dropped twenty-five thousand dollars' worth on the floor of his office, and recovered it by exposing a sensitive photographic plate, which immediately revealed its whereabouts.

Answers to Correspondents

T. R.: We have received your notice that all men are liars, and same has been filed away for future reference. If you are seeking a new situation, as you state, why not apply to Harvard University? They need a new bouncer.

DRYDEN, NEWARK: Do not be discouraged just because you happen to be the most unpopular man in Jersey. Jersey is in reality a small State. It might be worse if you lived in New York.

E. H. HARRIMAN: We should advise you not to attempt laying in a stock of morals at this late date. They would do you no good and no one would believe you had them. Enclosed find catalogue of the best jails.

JNO. D.: There is still hope for your boy. He is too rich to want to steal, and he is bound to come to the end of his Bible texts. Even the Bible is limited.

Platt laughs at locksmiths.  
Count that day lost whose low-descending sun views from thy hand no Finlay Peter Dunne.

It's a Poor Rule

"IT ISN'T possible to get into good society unless you belong to the church, is it?"

"Oh, yes; you can join our bridge club."



A MATCHLESS PERFORMANCE

## To Have and to Hold



HE was young and she didn't know,  
He was old and he didn't care;  
So they were led to the kirk, as though  
Heaven's blessing awaited there.  
Prayers of the pastor so glibly said,  
Ring on her finger, veil on her brow—  
So they were married, so they were wed,  
Under the bonnie bridal bough.  
  
And over and over the church bell tolled  
The solemn message, "To have—to hold!"  
  
He was false, but he learned the truth;  
She was true, but she learned to lie;  
Strangers by nature they stood, in sooth,  
Handcuffed together till one should die.  
  
She was chained to his poisoned life,  
An angel marred by a priestly thong;  
Partners in hatred, "husband and wife,"  
So the sentence read—and their term was long.

And over and over the church bell tolled  
The solemn message, "To have—to hold!"

Thus they lived in a half-live way;  
She was querulous, he was coarse.  
"Love!" spake the Church, and again, "Obey!"  
But the priest-curse stood on the word, "Divorce."  
So at last when he came to die  
Many clerical gentlemen  
Gasped at the joy in her freedom-cry  
Like a bird released from a dragon's den.

And the church bell rang with a bridal voice,  
"Lo, death hath parted the twain—rejoice!"

Wallace Irwin.

## Friendship's Offering

HOW can we persuade our friends in Europe (and we all have friends in Europe) that the paternal government of the United States does not approve of their sending us Christmas presents, and other tokens of regard? It is natural, perhaps, that their affection should seek an outlet in calendars, book-markers, and photograph frames; but they should remember that we are not encouraged to accept such well-meant benefactions. Only the inmates of the White House are expected to receive gifts from abroad.

The severity of the rules made to insure our good behavior involves us in some painful complications. We are far too docile to desire the forbidden products of Rome and London; but lawless acquaintances, actuated by the kindest of motives, will send them to us on our birthdays and at Christmas time. Then are we summoned to appear—in the busiest hours of the day—before a government official, to have the incriminating packages opened in our presence, and to pay whatever fine he may deem it corrective to impose.

Those of us whose lives are less leisurely than the inspector's try to evade the call. We write, explaining that the loss of a morning's work is but ill-repaid by the possible possession of a new pen-wiper; and that if he feels that he cannot in conscience let us have the pen-wiper, or the blotter, or the framed postal-card free of taxation, will he kindly sell it, in the name of the United States, and buy a new battleship with the money. He



## "THE REAL THING

"WHO CUT DOWN THAT CHERRY TREE, SIRRAH?"  
"I CAN'T TELL A LIE. IT WAS THE SAN JOSÉ SCALE."

does not avail himself of this privilege. He summons us a second time, and, finding us still in the mood for self-denial, he chills our generous emotions by sending us the token, and demanding a much larger contribution to the navy than the discriminating purchaser would have given. We cannot turn our friend's offering from our doors. The familiar handwriting upon the wrapper makes such a course impossible. So we pay eighty cents for a two-shilling purse, and a dollar for a three-franc booklet, and a dollar and a half for a photograph, torn across the corner; and realize that, as citizens of the United States, it is more blessed to give than to receive. If the Government would either confiscate our foreign presents (they might be lodged in a national museum at Washington), or—having many millions of surplus in its treasury—could afford to let us receive them untaxed, we should have less cause to apprehend the thoughtless liberalities of friendship.

Agnes Repplier.

## Net Result

"PAPA, what is a dividend?"

"It is what is left over, my son, after the president, the board of directors, the legal representatives and the politicians have gotten through."

IT DOES not mean very much to be tempted. But it often takes a lot of moral courage to yield.



Truths in Request

THERE is a bull market on for Truth. The demand for it is large and active, and the supply of first quality is as limited as usual. Mixed lots, in which truth, rumor, invention and falsehood are intermingled, find a ready market for immediate use where keeping qualities cut no figure.

Some special lines for which the demand is particularly active are indicated as follows:

How bad is Harriman?

Is he worse than Henry H. Rogers?

Is Frick a help or a hindrance to American prosperity?

Which is more dangerous, Harriman, Frick, Rogers, Arthur Brisbane, Bryan or Caruso?

Why?

How good is James J. Hill?

Will any stock-brokers be saved?

Did Jerome bullyrag the Grand Jury into indicting Perkins and Fairchild?

Why?

Which is likely to hurt us worse, the railroads or the Interstate Commerce Commission?

How soon will the railroad-rates law be repealed?

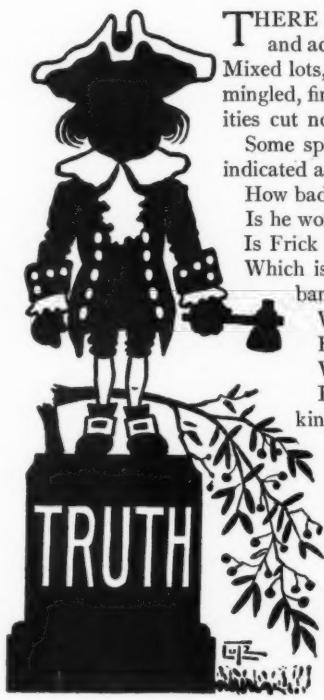
The Unpreventable

THEY were going over the morning's mail.

"Here," said the confidential secretary, "are one million five hundred thousand additional prayers from Americans, asking that no more prosperity be sent them; they've got all they can stand."

St. Peter looked worried.

"Those Americans," he exclaimed, "are an unreasonable lot. How can we do anything in the matter, as long as they keep the Dingley Tariff in force? However, you may hand the prayers to the Recording Angel, and have them entered on the books, as a matter of form."



Two Lies from the Organ of the Theatrical Trust

LIE NUMBER ONE—"It will be recalled that when the Metcalfe case reached a position of prominence dire things were expected to happen to the men who were held for conspiracy by Magistrate Poole. The end of that case resulted in a complete vindication of all the managers."

The end of that case was not a complete vindication, one reason being that the case has not yet reached its end. The case is shortly to be argued in the Court of Appeals.

LIE NUMBER TWO—"Another thing worth remembering is that Klaw and Erlanger have been in numerous litigations and have never lost a case."

How about the libel suit for \$100,000 which Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger brought against LIFE? It is on record that they were beaten first before a jury and finally and decisively on their appeal to a court of last resort.

Modern Ailment

FIRST MILLIONAIRE: You were laid up in your house all last week, weren't you?

SECOND MILLIONAIRE: Yes.

"Sickness or investigation committee?"

IT DOES no good to call a hog a hog, but if you pat him on the back and call him a gentleman, it may shame him into something better.

Where Time Is Valuable

NODD: Do you mean to say your house cost you \$2,000 more than you expected?

TODD: Yes. I put it off two weeks longer than I expected.



"IN A PET"

LIFE



CHINESE



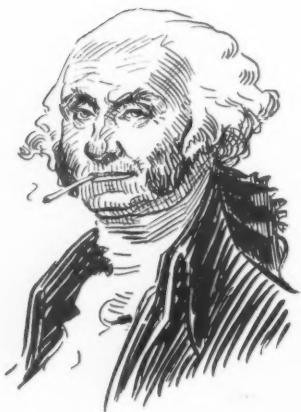
NEGRO



IRISH



ITALIAN



SPANISH



BOER



INDIAN



ALASKAN



HAWAIIAN



RUSSIAN  
JEW

woodmarker

IFE



RUSSIAN



GERMAN

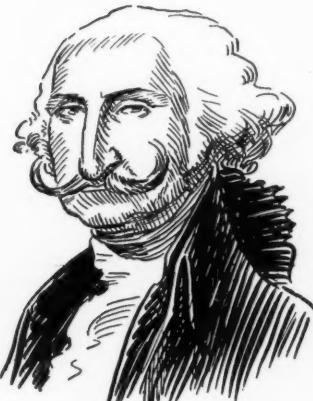


FRENCH

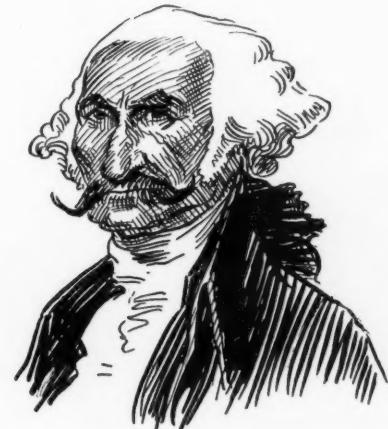
her  
Our Country  
seen by  
children



SWED



GREEK



TURK



RUSSIAN  
JEW



JAP



FILIPINO

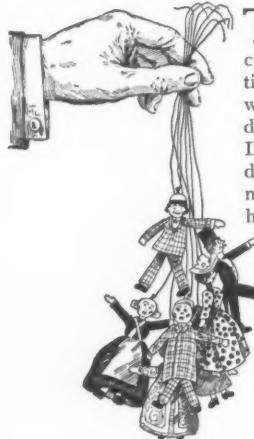


## A New Hellespont

IF ALL the pretty girls on earth  
Were on an island in the sea,  
And all the nice young men of worth  
Were on the mainland, there might be  
A dreadful, soul-appalling loss  
Of swimmers trying to get across.



## A Wide Swing of the Dramatic Pendulum



THERE'S no denying that the contemporary writer and dramatist fail to make the American Indian a romantic success. As the generations pass it may be that he will become endowed with new qualities as the nearness to his actuality decreases. Or his partial civilization—as in Mr. De Mille's "Strongheart"—may give him a dramatic interest, but take him as he is and the most our dramatists seem to be able to make of him is either an object of derision or a bugaboo useful for melodramatic scares. The latter is his principal function in the latest contribution to border drama written by Marah Ellis Ryan and McPherson Turnbull, under the title of "Genesee of the Hills."

Here some good qualities of one tribe are alluded to, but the chief value of the Indians consists of the Indian ability to steal horses and to arrange a blood-curdling dilemma for the heroes, heroines and villains of the play, who are for the most part connected with the United States Army in various capacities, official and domestic. To go into details of the plot would be to rehearse a long chain of incident and adventure hinging on one of those petty and useless lies which are so valuable on the stage, especially in the plays written by women, but which in real life are usually barren of consequence or are cleared up before they have any chance to get in their infernal work. In summary, suffice it to say that the lie holds good through almost four acts, but is cleared up in time to allow for the usual happy ending. Another obstacle to general happiness was a wife whose continued existence meant unhappiness or bigamy for the principal hero and heroine, but the authors kill her off at the appropriate moment to allow the curtain to go down on fair prospects of nuptial bliss for the persons chiefly interested.

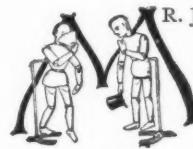
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THE chief hero, from whom the play takes its name, is a buck-skin gentleman who, for family reasons, and on the theory that although God picks our relations, we may pick our friends, prefers to live with the Kootenai Indians. He is impersonated in sufficiently energetic and melodramatic fashion by Mr. Robert Drouet. To spur him on to heroic deeds, *Rachel Hardy*, closely identified with the garrison, manages to get lost in the snow, be stamped by an Indian set-to and do other romantic and difficult things that make trouble. She is portrayed by Chrystal Herne, who evidently finds this character beyond the ken of the intelligence

which she has evidenced in other parts. Louise Galloway is *Fred Dreyer*, a kittenish garrison pet, bountifully supplied by the authors with a kind of humor which is evidently intended to find favor with women. Her main troubles are, therefore, concerned with a broken waistband of a skirt and a refractory garter. Other characters of importance are two young lieutenants, whose rival love for the infantile lady of the waistband and garter is interpreted by Messrs. Lynn Pratt and William Courtleigh, an army captain, who is made the medium of a nasty dig at West Point, together with a large assortment of troopers and Indians.

"Genesee of the Hills" is not a very strong play and will not appeal to the generation that was weaned on the virile border tales of Ned Buntline and his contemporaries, but may have its hour of Broadway favor.

\* \* \*

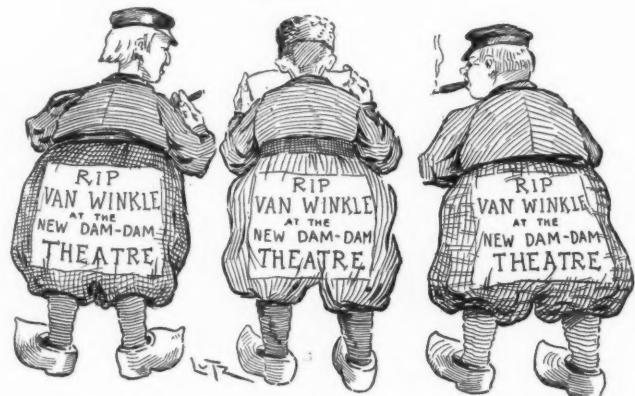


R. JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS is a musical comedian who does not lay much stress on the musical part of his calling. He prefers to shine by very energetic fun-making, in which he is to a considerable extent successful, high praise in these days of musical comedians who are neither musical nor funny. His special cleverness in "The Girl and the Governor" is in permitting himself to be surrounded by other persons who can sing and who have ability in other directions. Mr. J. C. Miron, for instance, is a real basso and, more than that, is an actor and comedian of no mean merit, gifts which he uses to excellent and unusual advantage as a very foxy South American Indian medicine man. Mr. Richie Ling is another of the cast who can sing and who is that rare bird, a manly tenor. Both Estelle Wentworth and Anna Boyd are competent artists, and the company throughout is a good one. The book supplied for their use is on the usual conventional comic opera lines, but with the fun and the lyrics both above the average. Mr. Julian Edwards has supplied a score with many very agreeable numbers and written throughout with the musical finish that characterizes all his work.

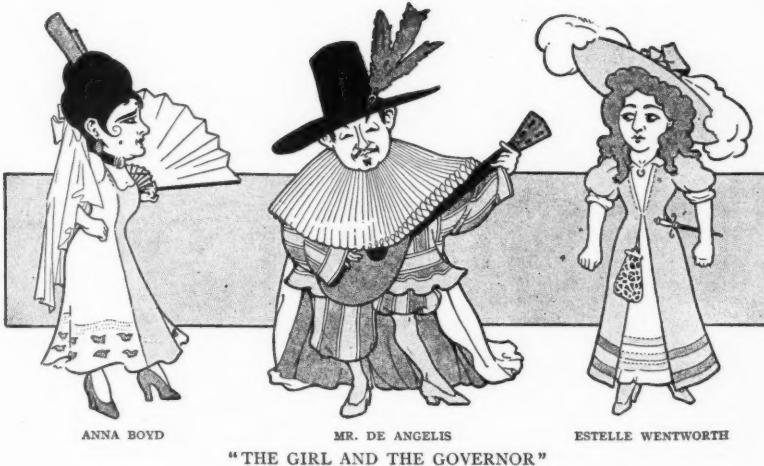
"The Girl and the Governor" is comic opera, of course, but considerably better than the ordinary run, and it has one genuinely remarkable and extraordinary feature—a topical song that is original and really funny.

\* \* \*

WITH large respect for those who devote time, money, thought and artistic effort to such experiments, one cannot but wonder at the kind of judgment that selects a play like "The Reckoning" for production before a New York audience. It is not great either in theme or technique. It might have value as a moral



COMFORTABLE THEATRE-SEATS



ANNA BOYD

MR. DE ANGELIS

ESTELLE WENTWORTH

"THE GIRL AND THE GOVERNOR"

lesson and possess a local interest if played by the very best actors in the country of its origin. It certainly is not of sufficient importance, artistically or otherwise, to make worth while its translation and production for the American public.

"The Reckoning" concerns itself with the love affairs of a couple of students and a couple of girls of inferior social position, the kind of affair which is more frequent and better recognized in the university towns abroad than here. One of the young men at the same time is mixed up in an entanglement with a woman of his own class whose husband kills him in a duel. This gives the principal and practically the only dramatic interest by providing a highly emotional scene for the girl sweetheart, who finds out at the same moment that her lover has been killed and that she was not the sole interest in his life as he had been in hers. Even here her grief seems subordinated to the wound to her self-esteem. Very likely admirers of this playlet would take this as a character study worthy of interest, but it seems to fail even in this particular, for she has been pictured before the crucial moment as so gentle and lovable a personality that it was decidedly out of drawing to make her principal cause of disturbance, not the death of the man she loved, but the fact that in his final moments on earth she was not the only subject of his thoughts. Although the piece was unpretentiously done at the Berkeley Lyceum, it was cast and staged with more care than it deserved. Katherine Grey and Phyllis Rankin as the two girls, Mr. Bruning as the injured husband, only on the stage a moment but creating a profound impression, and Mr. W. der, as the heroine's lovable old father, all did work worthy of a better cause.

Such productions are interesting experi-

ments for which those responsible deserve credit, but it would seem that, if material for them must be sought abroad, there are examples in the foreign drama of greater value than "The Reckoning."

\* \* \*

THE historic name of "Daly's" is about to disappear from the roster of New York theatres, unless the representatives of the estate of the late Augustin Daly have changed their minds. It has been their intention, with the expiration of the present lease, to insist that the name should no longer be used in connection with the property it has so long identified. Perhaps it is just as well. It has ceased to be anything but a geographical term. Time was when the names of certain New York theatres meant something in the way of a guarantee of the nature of the performances they housed, but of late years the commercial spirit has risen so far superior to anything like artistic or professional pride that, with one or two exceptions, the name of a theatre guarantees nothing. In the case of Daly's the deterioration was so marked from the time he died that it might have been better for his fame if the change of name had been made at once.

\* \* \*

THE use of the American flag for advertising purposes, in certain specified ways, has been prohibited by law. These uses would perhaps not include the prostitution of the emblem indulged in by a certain vulgar actor, who has plastered the front of a Broadway theatre with numbers of his own lithographed portraits draped in American flags. To prosecute him under the law would probably only increase the notoriety on which he thrives, but patriotic public opinion should be able to find some practical way of punishing this offensive exhibition of big-headedness and bad taste.

Metcalfe.



*Academy of Music*—Last week of Mr. David Warfield and excellent support in the pathetic comedy, "The Music Master."

*Astor*—"Genesee of the Hills." See opposite.

*Belasco*—"The Rose of the Rancho." Frances Starr, Mr. Hamilton Revelle and well-selected company in admirably staged and interesting play of early California life.

*Bijou*—Henrietta Crosman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." Notice later.

*Casino*—Mr. Louis Mann in "The Girl from Vienna." Notice later.

*Criterion*—Mr. Frank Daniels in "The Tattooed Man." Notice later.

*Empire*—Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks." Very light but amusing farcical comedy by Mr. Clyde Fitch.

*Garden*—"The Little Michus." Ordinary comic opera not particularly well done.

*Garrick*—"Caught in the Rain," with Mr. William Collier and good company. Laughable light comedy.

*Hackel*—Rose Stahl very cleverly and merrily portraying the heroine in "The Chorus Lady."

*Herald Square*—"The Road to Yesterday." An original dramatic idea interestingly presented.

*Hippodrome*—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Spectacle ballet, gorgeous and on a magnificent scale.

*Lincoln Square*—Weekly change of bill.

*Lyric*—Mr. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in répertoire.

*Madison Square*—Carlotta Nillson and unusually competent company in delightful American play by Rachel Crothers.

*Majestic*—"The Rose of the Alhambra." Romantic comic opera, well staged.

*Manhattan*—Mr. Jefferson De Angelis in "The Girl and the Governor." See opposite.

*Princess*—"The Great Divide." Absorbing and well-written American drama well played by Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and good cast.

*Weber's*—"The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." Composite entertainment of fun, burlesque and good music.



*Mrs. Auto-Fiend: HANK, YOU OLD FOOL, WAKE UP!*



IT SEEMS to be reasonably evident that Mr. E. F. Benson, in so far at least as regards his development as a novelist, has shot his bolt. For a long time Mr. Benson's work bore hopeful witness of his ambitions. Equipped (and handicapped) with a graceful wit and a native facility, he nevertheless took himself and his talent with progressive seriousness, curbed his wit with purpose and reinforced his facility with endeavor. But his recent writings, while by no means without readability and a certain holding power, are wholly ephemeral and, except as current entertainment, negligible. His new story, *Paul*, is a rather curious mosaic of Greek nature worship, vampiric superstition, society sensationalism and the psychology of remorse; a love story sufficiently unusual to hold the attention but full enough of false values to breed subsequent distaste.

Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams have spun one of the most engaging sea-yarns of recent years in *The Mystery*. The officers and crew of a United States cruiser, the members of a scientific expedition and half a dozen able-bodied bad men are mixed up in it. It is exciting, as such stories should be; it swings straight and fast through its orbit of adventure, as such stories too seldom do; and one would know Captain Selover or Handy Solomon at sight in any seaport of the seven seas.

There is "straight talk" and good, simple, common-sense statesmanship in Secretary Taft's lectures on the duties of citizenship delivered at Yale University and now published as *Four Aspects of Civic Duty*. These duties are viewed from the standpoints of a recent graduate from a university, a judge on the bench, colonial administration and the national executive—the four standpoints from which the Secretary has himself viewed them, and it is not too much to say of the book that most of us need to read it.

Five years ago Upton Sinclair wrote a story about a roué millionaire mine operator which he called *A Captain of Industry* and which, partly because the times were not ripe and partly because

the story was green and acrid, he found to be unpublishable. Since then both the times and the writer have ripened, *The Jungle* has appeared and done its work for the public and for the author and—*A Captain of Industry* has found a publisher. But if it is no longer a "revolutionary document" it is still a crude and unripened fiction and it might well have been let lie upon the ground where it fell.

In several departments of thought, notably in sociological inquiry and religious feeling, the tide of destructive criticism seems to have all but run out and little wavelets of constructive speculation mark where the new flood is beginning to "make" above the ebb. It is as though the common consciousness in these matters had reached a condition of saturation and here and there new crystals were forming in the solution. Some specimens of these are to be found in the essays of H. W. Garrod, *The Religion of All Good Men*, a volume confessedly tentative and making no claim to be a logical whole but containing glints and gleams of clarifying suggestion.

Another collection of essays which belong in the same category are by Miss Jane Addams and are published under the title of *Newer Ideals of Peace*. Miss Addams, studying submerged life from the diving-bell of Hull House, is conscious of certain nascent and struggling instincts and tendencies which have, or in her opinion are to have, their influence upon ideals of government, of patriotism and of war. These observations make, we feel, an adequate and unstable foundation for some of the author's arguments but in themselves they are highly interesting and suggestive.

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd's *Bettina* tells what happened to a young man whom a brown-eyed girl in blue mistook for some one else at a Twenty-Third Street ferry and invited to

run for the last boat. It is not, however, a melodrama but a simple case of *facilis descensus matrimonii*; a bit of romance in its teens for romanticists of like development and, in spite of its comfortable-looking bulk, but a short story in long dresses.

*J. B. Kerfoot.*

*Paul*, by E. F. Benson. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50)

*The Mystery*, by Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

*Four Aspects of Civic Duty*, by William Howard Taft. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

*A Captain of Industry*, by Upton Sinclair. (The Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.)

*The Religion of All Good Men*, by H. W. Garrod. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

*Newer Ideals of Peace*, by Jane Addams. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

*Bettina*, by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.25.)

#### Consistent

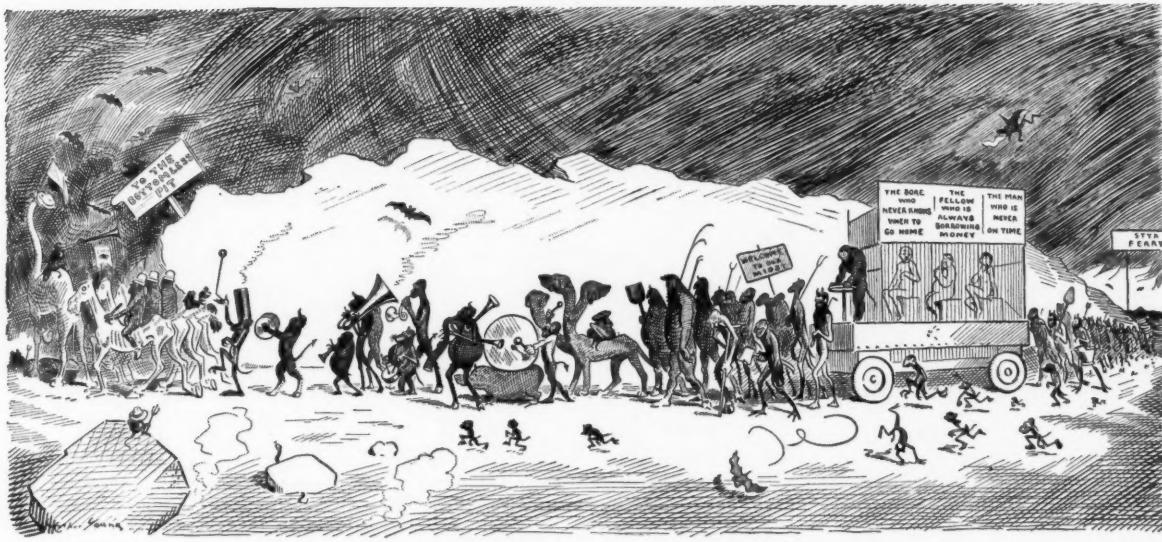
"I THOUGHT Skadsby's funeral was at three o'clock."

"It was, but did you ever know him to be on time?"



Washington Sawfish, Sr.: GREAT HEAVENS! WHO HAS CUT DOWN MY CORAL TREE?

George Washington Sawfish, Jr.: I CANNOT TELL A LIE, FATHER. I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE SAW-TOOTH.



DOWN BELOW  
GRAND ESCORT FOR THREE NEW ARRIVALS

## The Foolish Fool

ONCE there was a city inhabited entirely by Moralists.

Their purpose in life was to bring the human race to a greater perfection, to raise the standard of conduct, to harmonize causes, and in general to do as much ultimate good as possible. They held before themselves steadily certain ideals, which, hitherto in vain, but with undimmed enthusiasm, they were endeavoring to reach.

They were divided into Preachers, Philosophers, Altruists, Reformers, Temperance Advocates, Ethical Teachers and other minor degrees. Once a month there was a public meeting, at which papers were read and a record kept of the progress made.

Such a select city as this needed safeguards, and, therefore, it was surrounded by a high wall, to protect it from idle strangers who had no purpose in life other than their own desires. Farmers for miles around, however, supplied

food and ploughed the earth for their purposes.

Now it happened that a poor Fool, who had lost himself in the wilderness and was wandering about half-starved, suddenly looked up and saw the gate of the city of Moralists. His cap and bells were tattered and battered, his clothes hung about him in shreds and patches; he was an irresponsible, hopeless, mad Fool, an utterly irredeemable Fool, and though his stomach had been empty for days and his strength was nearly gone, he smiled cheerfully as he hailed the Seneschal.



"Hey, there, Seneschal, old chap, let me in and give me a steaming dish of plum pudding, for no food have I tasted for days."

"And who may you be?" asked the Seneschal warily, for his instructions had been stringent.

"I am a desperate Fool, your Majesty, or whatever sinner you call yourself. See my badges of office. I am full of quips and queer conceits. I can dance to the tune of merry tra la la. Hasten, O Master, to give me entrance, ere my stomach die within me of laughing at its own emptiness!"

So the Seneschal hurried away and reported to the Head Moralist that a poor Fool was without who craved admittance; and that though he smiled gaily, it was plain to be seen that he was starving.

"It is our duty," said the Head Moralist severely, "to succor distress. Admit this fellow, feed him properly. Keep him under guard and we shall see to his disposition later."

Then the Head Moralist summoned a meeting of the Council.

"It appears," he said, "that a certain person purporting to be a Fool—and according to all accounts bearing evidence of his calling—has come among us, and is now kept in confinement biding our decision. What is your will, Men and Women? Shall we entertain a Fool? Our mission is to treat all alike. Possibly a poor fellow like this may be reclaimed. Possibly it may do us good to have a Fool. The thing, indeed, should be seriously considered."

"I am," said the Preacher, "in favor of retaining him. Far be it from me to lean in any way toward sensationalism. But if he can teach me to inject a little humor into my discourses, they might be listened to with greater interest."

*This story is continued on page 282*



A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

Perhaps in 1920,  
Though fogies sneer and scoff,  
The nations will credit  
Ambassadors to Golf.

Ambassadors to Tennis  
In Washington will tent,  
And Ministers to Football  
Credentials will present.

*Charges d'Affaires* of Baseball  
Will each make stately bow,  
While high Envoys to Boxing  
Will show the nations how.

Ambassadors to Running  
In high-flowed terms will josh;  
And all will be located  
As near the Court of Squash.

—*The Forecaster.*

THOSE PUZZLED PORKERS

"Some time ago," said the traveling man from Little Rock, "I was horsebacking through the woods in that frontier portion of our State in which the hogs still run wild, with an occasional homeopathic dose of corn to keep them reminded that there are ties that bind them to mankind. In a heavily timbered tract I came upon a big herd of porkers that were behaving in the most remarkable manner. They would run madly in one direction for a hundred yards or so, squealing vigorously and hopefully, then stop, sniff the air, utter a shriek of disappointment and make an equally mad dash at another angle. I watched them some time without being able in the least to fathom the mystery.

"Half a mile farther on I came to a cabin in the woods. An old man sat on an inverted keg beside the doorway, smoking a corn-cob pipe. The quandy of the pigs was still torturing me, so, as soon as we had passed a perfunctory 'Howdy,' I said to him:

"Stranger, I passed a lot of hogs down there in the brush just now that were behaving very strangely. They would start and run at full speed in one direction, then stop and take a fresh start some other way. Can you explain it?"

"Yas, stranger, I reckon I kin," he replied in a stage whisper that had characterized his first greeting. "Them's my haws. I ust t' call 'em up an' feed 'em now an' then, but t'other day I lost m' voice an' tuck t' callin' 'em by poundin' on a tree with a stick. An' now them d— woodpeckers has got 'em crazy."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

CRAZY

"Yes," said the multimillionaire, "I have one ambition."

"And what is that?" asked the reporter.

"I want to stand at the head of the list of taxpayers," responded the capitalist.

Then they knew the long struggle for wealth had turned his mind awry.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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A POSER FOR THE BISHOP

Bishop Talbot, for years the "Cowboy Bishop" of Wyoming and Idaho, but now Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, often found himself faced by unusual problems in his life in the pioneer West. Here is one of the host of amusing ones described by him in his recently published book of reminiscences, "My People of the Plains":

At the close of one of his meetings a man who was known as the "Colonel" said to him quietly:

"I should like to ask you a few questions, if you do not object."  
"I shall be only too glad to answer them if I can, Colonel. Please proceed."

"Well, Bishop, do you think my wife is a good woman?"  
"One of the best I have ever known."  
"Do you think she is a Christian?"  
"If she is not, I should doubt whether any of us could be so considered."

"Well, now, do you think she will make it?"  
"How is that, Colonel?" I asked.  
"Do you think my wife will get in?"  
"Still determined not to appear to divine his meaning, I said: 'Excuse me, Colonel, but please explain.'

"I simply mean this, Bishop: Do you think that St. Peter will let the old lady pass through the pearly gates?"  
"I have not a doubt of it, Colonel."

"Then you think you can guarantee that she will get in?"  
"So far as my opinion is worth anything, I cannot for a moment question it."

"Well, then, if that is so, I do not think I shall be confirmed. In fact, I do not see that I need to be. You see, Bishop, it is just this way: If the old lady gets in and they lock the door against the old man, she will simply raise h— until she gets me let in. And she's sure to succeed."

"It was in vain that I tried to convince him of the futility of such an argument. His faith in his wife's influence was too strong to be shaken by anything I could allege."—*Harper's.*

JUDGE HENRY MCGINN, of Portland, a prominent attorney of the Oregon bar, was recently fined \$150 by Judge Sears at Portland for quoting a line of Shakespeare at the Court. The quotation was "Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy sirups of the world, shall pass judgment upon me." The words were hurled at Judge Sears by the irate attorney, and the Court imposed the fine for contempt. This reminds one of the Dublin beldame who had a war of words with Daniel O'Connell, and burst into tears when the Great Liberator, after stigmatizing her as an "isosceles triangle," called her a "hypotenuse." She said he was "no gentleman."—*Argonaut.*

A BICYCLE policeman of the same nationality appeared against a man he had arrested for fast riding.

"How fast was he going?" asked the judge.

"Pretty fast," answered the policeman.

"As fast as a man can run?"

"Yis, your honor, he was going as fast as two min can run."

—*Green Bag.*

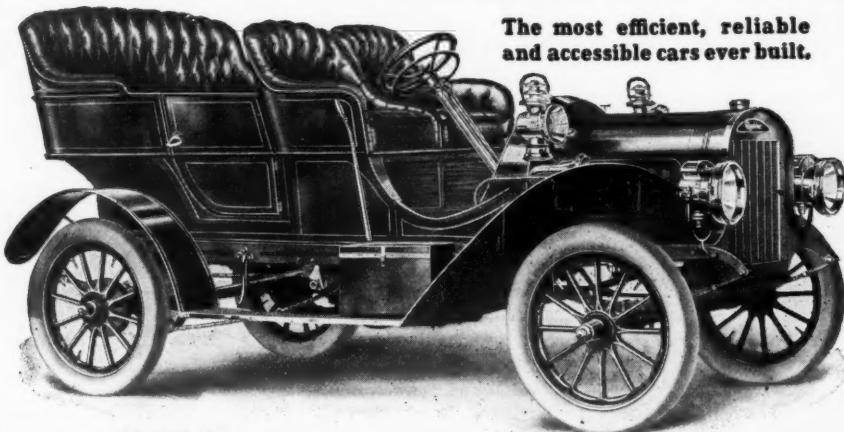
MORE CAINE

Somebody, in complimenting George Moore on his description of the Derby in "Esther Waters," asked him what he thought of Hall Caine's account of Derby Day.

"I heard he tried that," said Moore, "so I bought the book. You may judge of his accuracy by the fact that he has the horses weighed instead of the jockeys."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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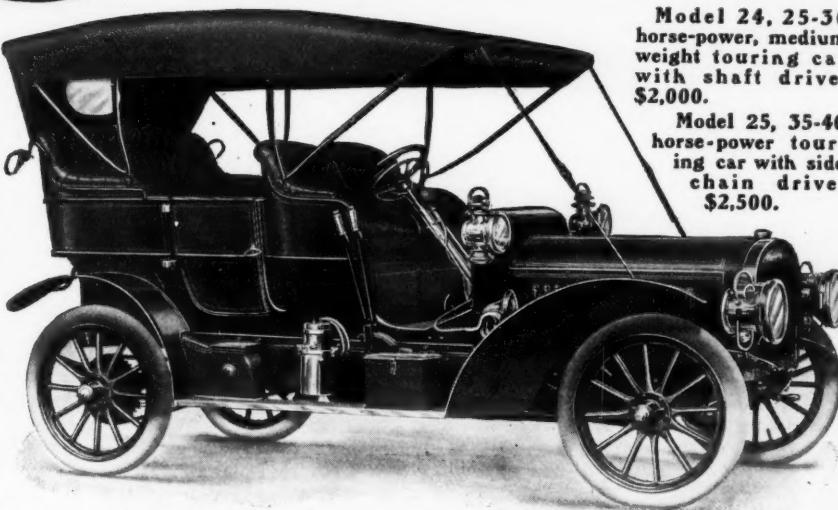
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"You are right," said the Philosopher, "for, after all, if he be a real Fool he is likely to be harmless, and even from a Fool one may possibly learn something."

"But he may not be a Fool," objected the Ethical Teacher. "We should be extremely careful!"

"Let us," interposed the Head Moralist, "test him. Our next Public Meeting takes place to-morrow. We will have this poor Fool take a share in it, and if he be a proper and full-fledged Fool, why, then, it will be time enough to determine his disposition."

The next day the whole town convened in the public square to discuss the progress of the human race.

The Fool was brought out, closely guarded. This, however, had no effect upon his spirits. He smirked on all. He winked at the wife of the Head Moralist. He nudged the lady president of the Ethical Club. He flirted and gibed with all who approached him.

"Is it possible for you to repress yourself?" asked the Head Moralist. "Even a Fool, as you claim to be, should have some circumspection."

The Fool bowed low.

"How can I, being a Fool, pay heed to what you say? Tra la la, my masters! Here's a gay jig for you," and he danced up and down the platform in front of the Philosopher, who was just beginning to read an important paper on the Metaphysics of Government.

"Come now," said the Head Moralist, angrily, "your folly will be shortly lashed into obedience if your conduct is not more seemly. But let us dispose of this Fool at once. If he is a good Fool, and one worthy of care, we will keep him. Fool, be tested. We will give you the platform. Tell us what you know. Have you prepared a paper? Read it, good Fool. We would know of you at once your views on Good Government, Ethics, Socialism, Morality. Speak out!"

The Fool grinned as he pulled from his pocket a manuscript.

"Certainly, my masters," he said, "I shall be only too glad to give you a taste of my entertainment. Indeed, I have listened to your talk until I am right glad to hear the sound of my own voice."

So saying he advanced to the front, while all the company of Moral-

ists, Philosophers, Reformers and so forth prepared to give him their attention.

The Fool flourished his arm in the air over his fool's cap.

"Once," said the Fool, "I learned the language of Caterpillars, and it happened in this wise. I lived in a foolish garden, and in this garden was a cherry tree that in my folly I loved, and took pride in. Now, while I was away on a jaunt, searching for new quips, some Caterpillars took abode in my tree, and when I came back they had built on its branches a network of nests, which made me angry, and I was about to turn it up, when I said to myself, said I, with a high, diddle, diddle, 'I'll learn the Caterpillar language,' just because I was fool enough to be curious about a thing that did not concern me. So in three days I learned the language, and having learned it, I approached the first Philosopher Caterpillar I saw, and I said to him, 'O Philosopher Caterpillar, tell me truly why you have devastated my cherry tree.'

"With this he smiled and said, 'O poor Fool! O unworthy and inconsequential Fool! We have done it, of course, for the good of the Caterpillar race. There are mechanics among us,' said the Philosopher Caterpillar, 'who are now considering how we can hereafter devastate twice as much area as heretofore in the same time.'

"For what?" said I.

"To produce, you poor dumb Fool," replied the Philosopher Caterpillar, 'a better brand of Caterpillars.'

"And then he lowered his voice to a purr. 'You must know,' he said, 'that the ultimate good of all Caterpillars is furthered by destroying cherry trees.'

"Ah, but," said I, looking closely about me—for my eyes were accommodating themselves to the world of Caterpillars spread out, 'my good friend, some of you Caterpillars get the ripe, luscious cherry leaves all to yourselves, while others are pushed aside to live on bare twigs and still others drop to the ground in their exhaustion and are trampled on. And you'll all of you die soon; eh, you old curmudgeon, and who cares?' said I. 'What's a Caterpillar, anyway?' said I, 'and

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what business have you to eat up all the good products that God grows even for a Fool like me?" said I.

"With this Theologian Caterpillar stepped forward. He waved his feelers about him.

"For years," he exclaimed, "I have been working for a standard of morals for the Caterpillar race. Every one of these Caterpillars," he continued, "has an immortal soul to be saved, and those that are not strong and get trampled on are heathens," said he, "and they deserve to die."

"Then, my masters, there was an Ethical Culture Caterpillar—I think that was the way she called herself—I knew she was a female by the corkscrew feelers she carried ahead of her—and she said, 'Fool that thou art, how little do you understand! This cherry tree was created for us,' says she. 'Look at us and observe how wonderfully we are made. Examine us closely, O Fool, and see that each one of us is worthy to have a soul.'

"'You're parasites,' said I, with a foolish leer. 'I know; I'm one of 'em myself. I'm a man,' said I.

"'You're a Fool,' she exclaimed hotly. 'And we're nothing of the sort! I'm giving up all my time to the advancement of the Caterpillar race, and I won't have you talk that way. Look at us. Look at our engineering feats. Look at our wonderful births. Look at our elevated system. And what happens to us when we die?' said she. 'Don't we take wings? And even now, when our Caterpillar ideals are all carried out, and we're all living in harmony, why then,' said she, 'won't this be worth striving for?'

"'Good madam,' said I, taking firm hold of a kerosene can, 'believe me, you'll never see the day. I'm too fond of cherries.' And with this I burned out the whole race of 'em. And they deserved it. Eh, masters, what do you say? Now I will sing you a song. It begins, 'Hi, diddle, diddle'"

But the poor Fool was allowed to say no more. At a sign from the Head Moralist, he was promptly pinioned by two keepers.

Then the Head Moralist turned to the assembled people.

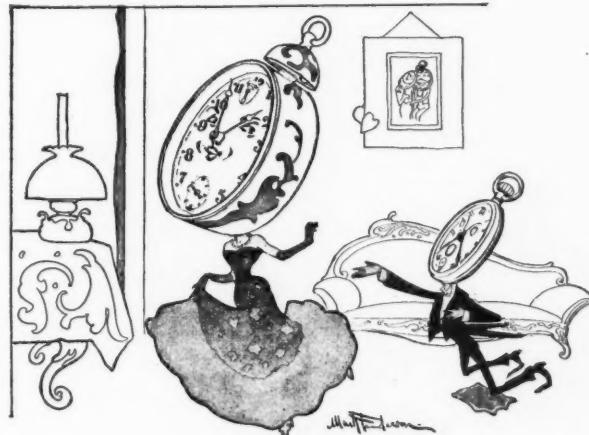
"This Fool," he said, "is, as I think you will agree, a positive menace to society. Take him away and hang him to the highest tree, where he can hereafter be seen and not heard."

And the Fool, as he was led away, smiled sadly to himself.

"Still gay!" exclaimed the officer. "What, pray, can please you at this moment?"

"I am grateful to think," replied the Fool, "that I have really been true to myself. For who else but a Fool, in the face of such an assemblage, could have made such an utter Fool of himself as I?"

T. L. M.



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AN URBAN CINDERELLA

The teacher had been reading a story of Cinderella to her class of youngsters, and was now going over the story again with them to fix it in their minds. Among other questions which she asked them was why it was necessary for Cinderella to leave every night early enough to be home by twelve o'clock.

From various members of the class she elicited most of the reasons which are implied in the story, until finally all remained silent.

"Isn't there any other reason?" she asked. "Can't any of you think of another?"

Up shot Larry's soiled, chubby paw, in frantic eagerness to indicate his knowledge.

"That's good, Larry. What is the reason?"

"She had to ketch the last car," piped Larry.—*Pacific Monthly*.

"WHAT have you got in the shape of cucumbers, this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am."—*Everybody's*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

ADVERTISING IN THE GOLD FIELDS

In an entertaining article contributed to the current *Harper's Weekly* on the subject of Nevada's "Kid-Gloved Gold Fields," the author, Barton W. Currie, tells of an alluring advertisement which was printed recently in the Goldfield *Sun* (the newspapers in this region, by the way, are printed with gold ink):

"WANTED—A piano player. Must be good dish-washer. Last performer had a mean temper and quit very suddenly. Apply, Glad Hand Saloon."

TOO MUCH FOR THE CLASS

She was only a substitute teacher, still she should have known better. "Suppose," said she in the mental arithmetic lesson—"suppose Mary has five oranges and Gladys gave her eleven more. Then, if Mary gave Winifred six, how many would she have left?" There was a long pause. "Well?" she prompted, impatiently, "it's easy enough."

"Please, teacher," spoke up the smallest girl, "we always do our sums in apples."—*New York Tribune*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric lights. New and most approved plumbing.

STRENUOUS ROSENTHAL

Rosenthal, the pianist, has a repertory of eight or ten languages. But his knowledge of idiomatic English has not always been sufficient to enable him to follow all the critics have said this season about his pyrotechnic playing. The other day, reading over the latest batch of clippings in his manager's office, he suddenly asked:

"Vat iss 'Fourt' of July' interpretation? Here is one vich says dat."

"Fourth of July?" was the reply. "Don't you know the Fourth of July? Why, in this country the national holiday—everything noble and patriotic—George Washington—Battle of Bunker Hill—the Declaration of Independence"—

"Aha! I see," said the pianist, turning to the next notice. "Un grand compliment!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"WE DON'T like the milk we get in Cannes," said the millionaire who was spending the winter abroad.

"Then why not have some shipped from Cowes?" inquired the near humorist, with a hoarse laugh.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
"Its purity has made it famous."

BECAUSE HE LOVED HER

An Atchison young man not many years ago commenced to call on a girl. He kept her out on the front porch late at night, he made life a torment for her if she looked at any other man and finally he married her. He is poor, and her father was in fairly good circumstances, so that for the first time in her life she began to taste privation and self-denial. She cooks for him, cleans, sews, mends, and slaves for their two children. Do you want to know why this man put her in a position where she would experience such hardship in addition to his tyranny? Because he loved her.—*Atchison Globe*.



Light a domestic Nestor Cigarette and you will see in the smoke wreaths, not Bunker Hill Monument and the Boston State House, but the pyramids and the sphinx, because the Boston-made

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Pittsburg, Pa.  
4246 Fifth Ave.  
Providence, R. I.  
Richmond, Va.  
Toronto, Ont., Canada.  
London, England.

Books Received

*Newer Ideals of Peace*, by Jane Addams. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*, by George E. Woodberry. (The Macmillan Company.)

*The Heart of a Woman*, by Almon Hensley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*Dangers of Municipal Ownership*, by Robert P. Porter. (The Century Company. \$1.80.)

*The New Internationalism*, by Harold Bolce. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*Truthful Jane*, by Florence M. Kingsley. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Secret of Toni*, by Molly Elliott Seawell. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Diamond Ship*, by Max Pemberton. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square*, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (E. P. Dutton. \$1.50.)

*Captured*, by General Charles King. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.)

*Whistler*, by Elizabeth Luther Cary. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$4.00.)

*A Sealed Book*, by Alice Livingstone. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.)

*Federal Power Over Carriers and Corporations*, by E. P. Prentice. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*Guenevere*, by Stark Young. (The Grafton Press. \$1.25.)

*The Blind Man at the Window*, by Stark Young. (The Grafton Press. \$1.25.)

*The Tariff and the Trusts*, by Franklin Pierce. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*Fishing and Shooting Sketches*, by Grover Cleveland. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.25.)

*Town and City*, by Frances Gulick Jewett. (Ginn and Company. 50 cents.)

*The Will to Be Well*, by C. B. Patterson. (The Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.20.)

*Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton*, by A. C. Benson. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25.)

*Life's Shop-Window*, by Victoria Cross. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.)

Fastidious Pet Birds

BIRDS are like human beings, differing greatly in character, likes and dislikes. They are, moreover, extremely whimsical. To train them successfully one must study their dispositions. One feathered pet of my acquaintance refused to sleep at night unless it had a cracker in its cage. This dainty was not to eat, from his lordship's point of view, but to perch upon. The whim of another was never to bathe in the conventional white dish provided for this purpose. However, as he seemed heartily to enjoy shaking the drops from a wet lettuce-leaf, thus making an impromptu shower bath for himself, it was not hard to see that the dish was at the root of the objection, not the water itself. One day, instead of the ordinary bath, a Japanese dish was placed in the cage. Immediately the tiny esthete plunged into the gaily colored dish and took a splendid bath.—*Circle*.

COREY threatens to take a three years' wed- ding trip, but there are hopes that he may be induced to prolong it.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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### Birds' Nests Made Round

THE little, abandoned nest had fallen from the tree. The nature student lifted it from the frozen ground.

"How round it is," he said. "No cup rim could be rounder. Don't you wonder how the bird, with neither rule nor compass, can make her nest so round?"

"Well, she does it easily. She builds the nest about her own breast, turning round and round in it, and its circular character comes spontaneously and inevitably."

"The circle is found everywhere in the buildings of the lower animals. The straight line, on the other hand, they can never achieve."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

### More Tempting

TEDDY'S father had brought home some rare old cheese, and after hearing his praise of its strong points, Teddy was manfully struggling to make way with a small piece of it.

Seeing the cheese still on his plate, and Teddy's nose perceptibly elevated, his father said: "What is the matter, Ted—don't you like that fine cheese?"

"Yes," answered Teddy, with the air of a connoisseur. "This cheese is very good, but I think I like just plain, common mouse cheese better."—*Harper's Monthly*.

A FEMININE admirer wrote to Browning, asking him for the meaning of one of his dark poems, and received the following reply: "When that poem was written, two people knew what it meant—God and Robert Browning; and now only God knows what it means!"—*Independent*.

### In Vain

A CONGRESSMAN from a southwestern State tells of a meeting of Grand Army veterans in his State some years ago whereat they protested against certain proposed legislation by the State Assembly.

One of the speakers painted the situation in such black color that an earnest auditor, overwhelmed by the recital, jumped to his feet and excitedly exclaimed:

"Comrades, is it possible that we died in vain?"—*Harper's Monthly*.

### Memory

SOMEBODY of a psychological turn of mind once asked Lord Rosebery, "What is memory?"

"Memory," Rosebery replied, promptly but somewhat pensively—"memory is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."—*Youth's Companion*.

**OLD CROW RYE** A STRAIGHT WHISKEY

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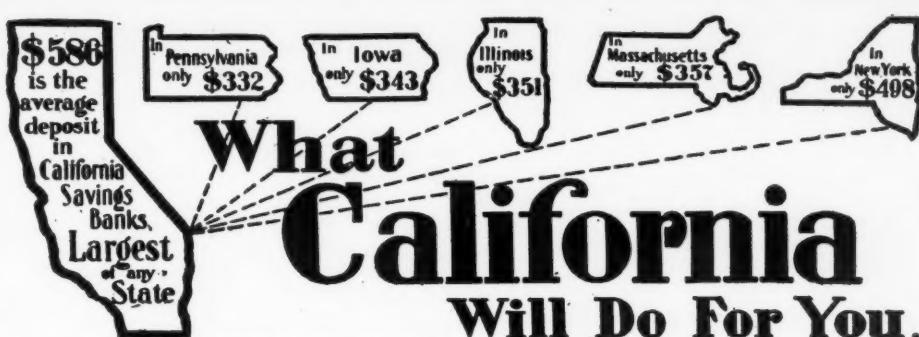
**About Babies**

(Anniversary address at the Babies' Hospital, by E. S. Martin.)

I HAVE always considered it one of the principles that ought to govern a man's conduct that when he has a chance to do anything for a baby, he ought to do it. Whatever the call is he may not balk at it. Whether it is to hunt for a misplaced pin, go out for milk, go for the doctor, mend a toy, stop a runaway horse or make a discourse at a hospital; whether the service is simple or intricate, easy or appalling, he is bound to have a try at it even though he sees his finish, and knows that the ambulance is coming to carry him away. He must, because as a man he has a larger share of responsibility about babies than at his best he is likely ever to meet. He must, because he has great privileges with babies; may admire them all he likes without giving offense; may be cheered in spirit at the sight of them, and may sometimes even speak to them without an introduction.

Whatever a man does for a baby is bound to be in the nature of an experiment, for no ordinary man knows very much about babies. Wise doctors are able to give counsel in emergencies about babies, but I do not know that any man ever actually raised a baby himself. Indeed, I think that the principle on which a man is asked to stand up and talk about babies is very much like the principle on which the newspaper editors, when they want a piece written about the sights of New York, select a new reporter from the country who hasn't seen much of the town and to whom all the sights are new. Sights are sights to the new reporter. His mind, so far as the city is concerned, is not a tough surface of scars that have healed over. It is wax to the new scenes, and every striking appearance makes a dent in it. The tall buildings are tall to him; the crowds are amazing; the perils of the street crossings are real life and death hazards. He sees things as they are, and sees them hard, and his impressions are vivid in proportion to his inexperience. So it may be that a man, as a person who does not know much about babies and is full of surprise at them, is for that very reason properly selected to speak of them.

Certainly a man ought to do whatever he can for babies, whenever he is asked. And as for women—what other occupation have they discovered that is universally admitted to be so far beyond all criticism as that of raising babies or promoting their welfare? Consider the women who can choose to a considerable extent what they do with their time! What *do* they do with it? They mightily adorn creation, and carpers say they take too much thought for hats and gowns; they ride interminably to and fro in cabs and carriages and motor-cars and even in street-cars; they shop inexhaustibly; they go to teas and receptions, to the theatre, to the opera, and make myriads of calls, and carpers say: "What for?" They play bridge, and again the carpers say: "What for?" They give to street beggars, and carpers cry: "Pauperization!" They work at organized charity and the carpers maintain that charity suffereth and survives all things except organization. Truly women's use of time is subject to a vast deal of impudent comment. But I do not notice that any one ventures to disparage the occupation of any woman who is busy with a baby. Being so occupied, if there are a thousand other things that she might do and doesn't, it is



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This information is supplied by the Development Society of California, a body of public-spirited men having no private enterprises to promote, but contributing their time without remuneration to furthering the great success of California. The statistics are accurate and in no way exaggerate the true conditions. Further details regarding any industry or section of California will be furnished without cost by addressing the Society.

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These marked and exceptional advantages are by no means offset by the recent earthquake in San Francisco—an event of a century—whose destructiveness was unimportant in itself had it not been followed by the devastating conflagration. The earthquake touched only an infinitesimal portion of the great State's whole territorial area.

You can accept this announcement as a warm invitation to come and be a Californian and live within this sphere, where success and health are breathed in the air.

If you will take your own home, your environment, your income, your expenses, your health, your present degree of happiness, and compare them with what California offers you, surely you will resolve to begin this very day and work with one ambition in mind—California.

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understood and admitted that she is better employed. Some women enlist to get women the right of suffrage; others enlist to defeat it. Some try to get the feathers off of hats; some try to keep them on. Some, again, try to come between the soldier and his grog, but not with results that seem as yet to be entirely beneficial. One sure thing—not the only thing—but one sure thing in the doing of which women's usefulness is absolutely undisputed, is putting babies in the way of growing up sound and healthy, and making good people.

And babies are an especially attractive object of care because, as yet, they are so innocent and so deserving. They have no sins and no bad habits. They do not drink or smoke, nor beg in the streets, nor run for office, nor diffuse heresies, nor break the laws; they do not care for money nor for anything that money can buy, foreby it be a little milk; they are not infatuated with society, nor do they wish to excel one another in beauty or deportment; they do not play bridge, nor gossip, nor suggest improvements on marriage, nor read the newspapers or unsuitable books. As yet they have done nothing wrong and they cannot be pauperized. They are a perfect object for human care. And as to these babies in this hospital, even the race-suicide question does not enter into discussion, for they are all born now, and whether there should have been more of them or less of them is not a thing that needs be considered.

It is an incomparably great achievement to raise anything like a first-class person. The better the start that enterprise has, the better the chance is of its successful development. Babies have always been supremely important. Nowadays they are even more important than they used to be. It is understood that there are fewer of them to a family than used to be, so they are more important because of their increasing rarity. But they are also more important because they are a less precarious property than they were. The last census report says that, of the babies that are born, three reach the age of five for every two that reached it fifty years ago. Our chances of living our lives well out are not so good as they were fifty years ago, for the census says that for the various ages between sixty and one hundred the death rate has increased from seven to twenty per cent. Our chances of living from sixty-five to one hundred years are not as good by about fifteen per cent, as if we had begun life fifty years earlier, but citizens who begin life now have a chance a third better to reach their fifth birthday than they would have had if they had begun life when some of us did. They say that the reason we don't last as long as our fathers did is that our lives are more excited and luxurious than theirs were, and the nervous strain of living is greater than it used to be. The reason why a larger proportion of the babies survive infancy is that raising babies is better understood and practised now than it was fifty years ago.

What is more, the improvement must be chiefly in cities, because there has been an enormous movement of population toward the cities. The one advantage the city has in the matter of raising babies, and children generally, is that it gives them better medical and surgical care. The country beats it in all the other particulars. The air is better in the country; there is more sunshine there; there are better places for children to play;

# Of Interest To Artists

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  5. In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.—de Rochejoucauld.
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  6. Those who dance must pay the piper.—Old Proverb.
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  7. For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;  
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—Aaron Hill.
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  8. None but the brave deserves the fair.—Dryden.
- \$250 will be paid for the best illustration of
  9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—Herrick.
- \$250 will be paid for the best illustration of
  10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.—Moore.
- \$250 will be paid for the best illustration of
  11. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.—Pope.
- \$250 will be paid for the best illustration of
  12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—Tennyson.

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If one or more of the quotations should fail to inspire illustrations suitable for use in LIFE, there will in that particular case, or cases, be no award.

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but if anything ails the child it is apt to get wiser attention in town. A perfectly sound child usually does well in the country; a child that needs special care not so well, and in maintaining a hospital for children, babies or others, in town, it is fit to be remembered that the work is done for the country as well; for when a country child really must have expert medical or surgical care, it is apt, if it is lucky enough, to come to town to get it.

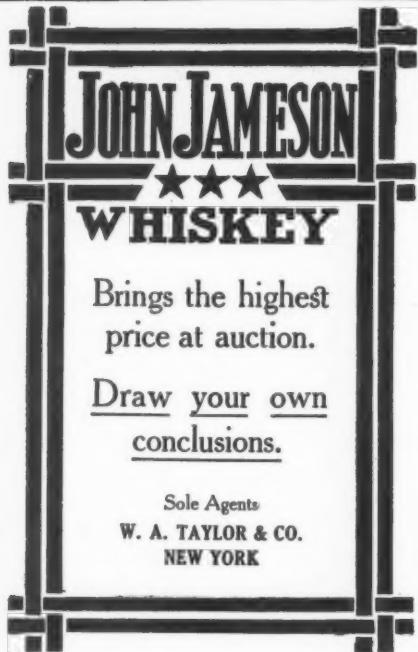
Moreover, hospitals not only save life, but they add to knowledge. Babies' hospitals not only save alive babies that would die, and make sound and useful babies out of sick ones, but they train doctors and nurses and keep adding to the mass of recorded knowledge. If, of all the babies that are born, three live now where two lived fifty years ago, it is because mothers get better advice, because babies in extremity are looked after and saved, because doctors know more about raising them than they did, and because more babies are enabled to profit by what the doctors know.

I never willingly read any stories in which children come to grief. I seldom get beyond the headlines of the newspaper stories in which children are run over by the street-cars or maltreated by cruel parents. When I see a story like that I skip over to the stocks, or to politics, or to the murders, or the railroad accidents, or the international marriage record. I can endure the sufferings of grown-up people in moderation, but I am very loath to harrow up my soul reading about the sufferings of children unless there is some possibility of helping them. The only newspaper stories that I really like about calamities that befall babies are those where the baby drops out of the seventh-story window of a tenement-house and hits a lot of clothes-lines coming down and falls finally without getting any hurt. The succession of those stories is marvelous, and somehow a baby, being a soft thing, has a better chance when it is dropped out of a tenement-house window than a bigger person does. As for the literary stories in the magazines, or in books, where the distresses and sorrows of childhood are written out, that sort of pathos is too easily done to be lawful literary art. Even when I see sick children in the street-cars, or lame children in the streets, I don't feel any worse about them than I can help, because those in the streets generally show that they have had some doctor's eye on them, and those in the street-cars always seem to be going to a hospital or a dispensary.

I think, at least I hope, we may lawfully save ourselves the grief of dwelling on the sufferings of children in such a town as this by the knowledge that, on the whole, the care of them is so systematized that few who need special care are neglected. But if we are to grant ourselves this luxury of not feeling any worse than we can help about the children who are pathetic, we are bound to earn that immunity by doing all we can to help the people who best know how to help the children who need help, and can give themselves to that service. It belongs to all of us to see that, in so far as we can contrive it, all children shall have a fair chance to grow up sound and sweet. Only a part of our duty is accomplished when we do our best for our own children. We are bound to help, in so far as we can, with the other children, too, and one sure way of meeting that obligation is to help in maintaining places like this, where sick babies come to get well.

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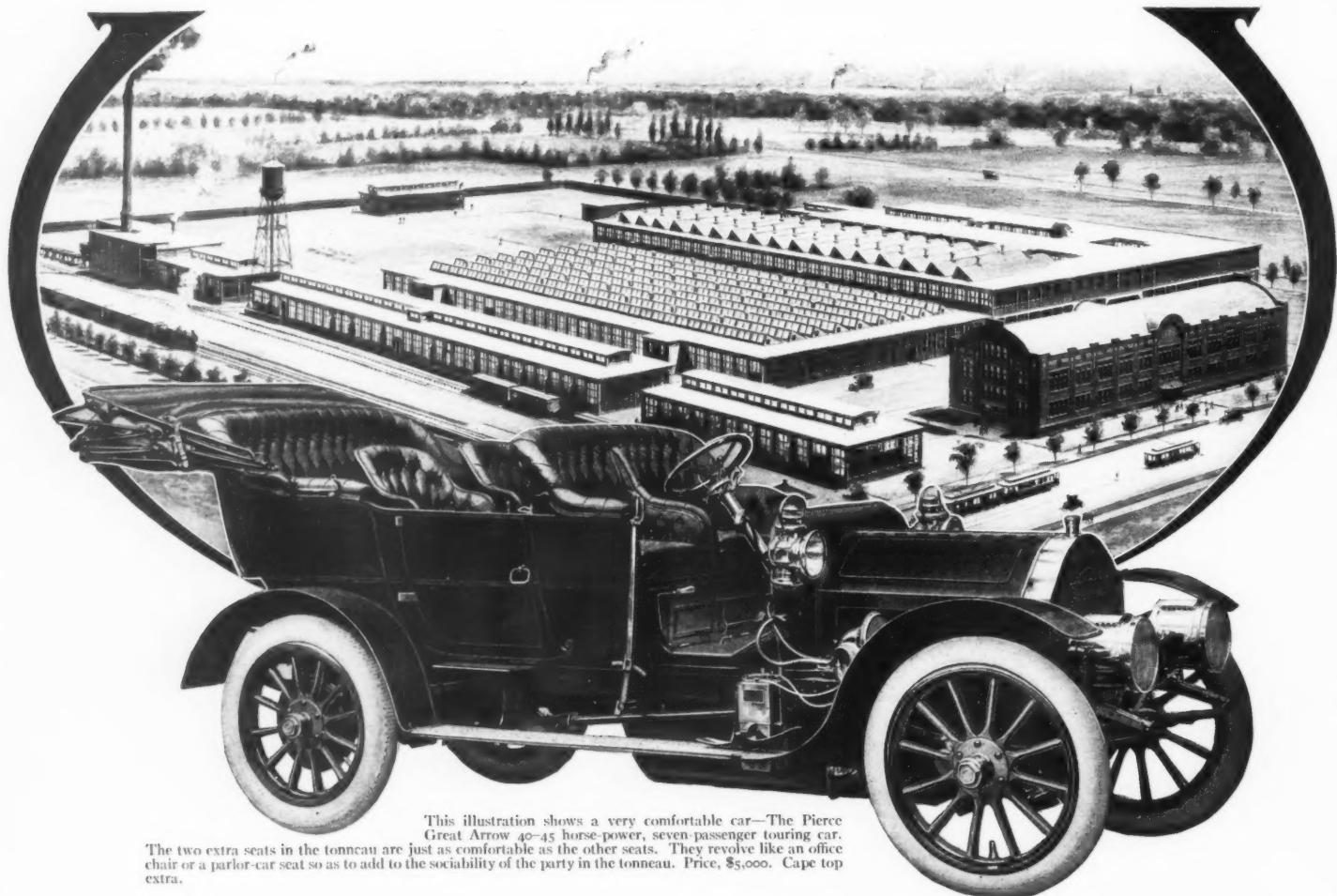
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